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Fortunes Overnight

THE ORIGINAL HOLE IN THE GROUND WHERE SMITH LIGHTED HIS PIPE—A FEW FEET BEHIND IT NOW STANDS THE DINGMAN WELL

IT IS THE SECOND BLOW THAT MAKES THE FRAY. SINCE THIS STORY WAS WRITTEN CRUDE OIL HAS BEEN STRUCK AT THE MONARCH WELL, FORTY MILES NORTH OF CALGARY. MR. RANKIN WILL CONTINUE THE STORY OF THE OIL STRIKE IN A COMING ISSUE

By Norman S. Rankin

Illustrated with Photographs

"TO the general public," said Henderson, smiling, "an oil field is just a bunch of unsightly derricks and a beastly smell," and he waved his hand gracefully in the direction of the unpicturesque erections.

"That may be," objected White, "that may be, but to me and to others who have invested in these offending derricks, it presents a very different appearance; is a very different affair, and I can assure you," and he nodded knowingly, "it's a matter of the highest importance and congratulation to the country whose geology justifies the erection of such derricks."

"I don't doubt it for a minute," laughed the first, "not for a minute, and it means a great deal to me too; I have my little all in it; but you didn't notice perhaps, that I said 'general public.' "

We stood on the rising foothills of the Rocky Mountains in the centre of the newly discovered Alberta Oil Field, just south of the city of Calgary. Our eyes rested inquiringly on the huge wooden and steel apparatus that broke the sky line in all directions, whose iron drills penetrated the very bowels of the earth. The roar of escaping steam and gas; the clank of creaking machinery and the peculiar creaking grumble of rope strain smote our ears while in our nostrils was the pungent odor of 90% petroleum. All about was noise and bustle and apparent confusion, that is, in the immediate vicinity. To the east, and as far as the eye could see, flowed the undulating prairie, slowly smoothing itself out as it drew away from the mountains' base; to the west and north reared the Rockies, green and smiling with luxuriant verdure below; grim, frowning and

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formidable at their peaks, with tightly fitting caps of virgin snow pulled low on their over-hanging brows.

"Lord," breathed Henderson, sweeping the panorama with his ardent gaze, "what contraptions of the devil; what sacrilege of nature to spoil this beautiful scene with man's vulgar handiwork."

"I presume you are again quoting 'the general public', eh?" put in White rather sarcastically. "Anyhow, whether you are or whether you are not, let's be moving on and see what we came to see."

The Calgary oil boom, or to put it more correctly, the discovery of oil in

HOMESTEADER SMITH FOUND IT TOO MUCH WORK TO CARRY WATER UP THE BANKS OF THIS STREAM, AND STARTED TO DIG A FAMILY WELL ABOUT WHERE THE WOODEN DERRICK OF THE FIRST OIL WELL SHOWS AT THE LEFT OF THE PICTURE. IN THE FOREGROUND APPEARS THE DINGMAN WELL NO. TWO

Southern Alberta, has been one of the sensational events of the year, and gives every promise of developing into a legitimate field, a field with many oil bearing wells.

The history of the oil field, both romantic and authentic, is sensational. Back in the early eighties, all that country west of the Calgary and Edmonton Railway generally known as the foothills, was given over to cattle ranching, and great herds of cattle and horses took the place of the vanished herds of buffalo. It was a splendid country, rich in eternal streams of clear, sweet water, carpeted with tender, succulent grasses; exhilarating alike to man and beast. Its soft warm chinook breezes and general conditions were both attractive and bracing, and for the breeding of all kinds of stock it had been proven unsurpassed.

The stockman did not love the settler, nor did the settler cherish affection for the stockman; a bitter, indefinite, relentless strife raged between them, similar to that which existed between the sheepman and the cattleman in the neighboring state of Montana. The sight of a barb wire fence stretching its cruel, menacing thorns across the open range was to the stockman as a blood red rag to the infuriated bull; the wooden posts a blatant challenge and invitation to their destruction, a challenge which was often accepted. To the solitary settler with little capital and no practical experience, struggling to produce even a simple crop from his newly acquired homestead, the bands of big-horned almost wild cattle that tossed his trumpery fences aside in a night and devoured or trampled his grain out of existence were a constant nightmare, menace and terror. Truly it may be said of him that he never laid down his head in his tiny shack at night without wondering what the morning would bring forth. To some, such a life is the very breath of being, and difficulties but an added incentive to success. Such men thrive on danger; they grasp prosperity out of the very mouth of obstruction and peril.

So homesteaders began to come in and fences sprung up here and there like mushrooms in the night. In sunny autumn time, yellow gold crops made bright patches on the deep green surface of the foothills like vivid squares on a checkerboard, and the click of the reaper and hum of the thresher added music to the song of many streams. Rough board shacks, makeshifts for the bachelors, gave place to pretty painted cottages, and women and children brought the joy and charm of their presence into the lives of the hard working pioneers, the wilderness, if it ever existed amidst such delight of scene and climate, was thrust back and forgotten. Farm wagons rumbled merrily to town with heavy loads of grain and produce and came back piled with household goods and furniture to make the homes more homelike still.

It was a veritable promised land of Canaan, a land flowing with milk and honey. The pioneer-prospector who had first succeeded in drawing a meagre sustenance from the desert, was now a successful farmer reaping a competency. And while all Nature smiled upon them above ground and gave generously of copious harvests, they little knew that Nature's smile like that of a man smiling only with his eyes, extended down even in the ground beneath their feet, and that there, riches infinitely more great and more valuable than that they had been able to attract were but waiting impatiently the touch of discovery. Had Homesteader Smith but known what we know to-day, nothing on earth could have induced him to give up his holding, nothing to have abandoned it even for its surface value in good hard coin of the realm. Nature indeed, on more than one occasion, did whisper to him of great riches lying below, but he was weary, he was lonesome, and he fell asleep after a day's hard work, dismissing the possibility as preposterous.

Smith proved up on the homestead on which to-day is sunk the Discovery Well, which has flowed oil steadily and made its promoters wealthy. It was a spot nestling in the elbow of an ice cold mountain stream, rushing headlong prairie-wards. A gently rising flat of a score or so of acres extended to the base of near-by hills under whose shadow Smith first erected his sod-house or dugout. With oxen and plow and much labor, he converted the sloping prairie land into fertile meadow to which he later diverted a tiny mountain stream of water and irrigated regularly. But this supply being insufficient at times for domestic uses and the bed of the stream lying low and it being tiresome to carry water up the precipitous banks, he had started to dig himself a well, trusting that five or six feet depth would suffice to bring him water. It was a hot day and at three feet he sat down to have a little rest and smoke. It was windy too, and as he bent down into the excavation to light his pipe, pouf! bang! match and pipe and straw hat and tobacco went up in a cloud of smoke, and the entire hole became a mass of blue and yellow flame, roaring heaven-

wards. They say that Smith is running yet, but whether that is just a story or the truth, the fact remains that he has never come back since. He vanished into space and from that day to this has never been heard of again.

Time went by and the cattlemen noticed that no one repaired the breaks they made nor tilled the ground in any way, and they "guessed" that he had vamoosed. So they further cut the fence to pieces and allowed their herds of cattle to range unchecked over the entire farm. When it became known that gas was escaping from "Smith's Well," and that it was a handy and comfortable place to grub, they made a point of getting there as often as possible at meal times, and using the gas to cook their bacon and coffee. It was a most effective adjunct to the chuckwagon. Old timers will tell you this story, with more or less variation, anywhere along the C. & E., while some of them add a great deal more romance to it than I have woven into this tale. That is the early and romantic history; the authentic, later history is no less interesting and sensational.

Over a year ago, the Calgary Petroleum Products Company acquired by purchase the land formerly occupied by Homesteader Smith, and set up their well within fifty feet of "Smith's Well," calling it "Dingman's Well" after the manager of the company. They had difficulty in disposing of sufficient shares at the par value of $10.00 to enable them to push the work as rapidly as desired, until on October eighth, the country was electrified by the announcement of a small strike at a depth of approximately 1,500 feet. They had previously encountered a strong flow of gas which hampered them considerably in drilling, and which they eventually had to pipe to enable them to continue the work. The pipe was brought up outside the bore casing and thereafter used to operate the boiler that drives the walking-beam and the smithy's forge to sharpen the rapidly dulling drills. What was not employed for these purposes was allowed to burn, and at night time the bright flare lit up the prairie for many miles around. The well then took the name of "Discovery" and thousands rushed to get stock.

ANY REPETITION OF HOMESTEADER SMITH'S ORIGINAL MISTAKE IS CAREFULLY GUARDED AGAINST BY THE OWNERS OF ALL WELLS—ONE MEETS SIGNS WITH BLACK-BOARDS AT EVERY TURN, FORBIDDING THE LIGHTING OF MATCHES

It was remarkable oil, excellent in quality, clear yellow, almost transparent in color like hock or sauterne wine, and officially tested 90% gasoline content. This means that the crude petroleum in its refined state tested 90% naphtha. It was ready for immediate use, without any refining process whatever, and taken directly from the well and placed in automobile tanks developed 25% more power than ordinary gasoline. The quality of oil was so high, it is argued, because it was refined by nature. Nature forced it upwards through peculiar strata and rock, delivering the refined product, and doubtless she laughed when she thought of poor Homesteader Smith, gone no one knows where. Experience proves or has proved in other cases, that oil of this character, light oil as it is called, comes from a paraffin base, and to get this paraffin base is now the hope of Alberta. Distilled by the Kelso Laboratories, and compared with the unrefined product found in various parts of the United States, the oil is pronounced exceptional.

BARRELLING OIL AT THE DINGMAN WELL

	Specific gravity compared with water.
Calgary Field	.734
California Fields (1)	.777
Pennsylvania Field	.801 to 817
Texas	.835
West Virginia	.841 to 873
Beaumont, Texas	.904 to 925
Wyoming	.912 to 945
California Fields (2)	.920 to 983

Upon this discovery considerable excitement arose amongst the public and all available crown lands as far south as the International Boundary were filed upon. Several companies.

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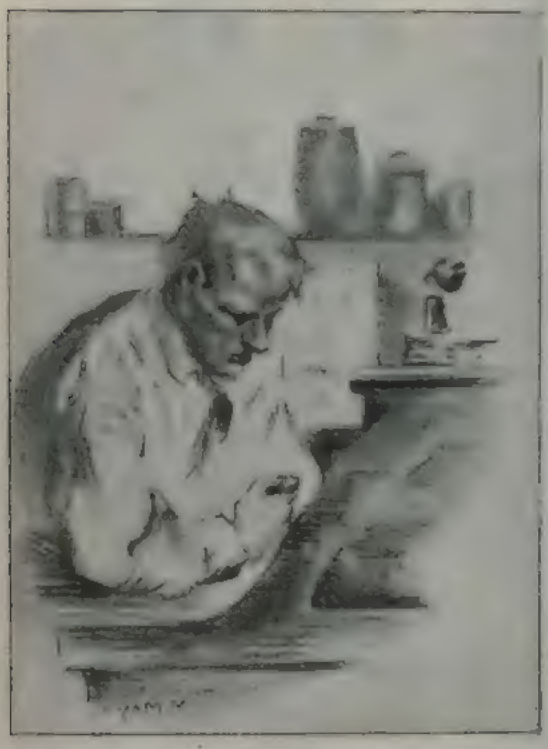
The Delivery of Dobbett



DOBBETT PONDERED THE OFFER OVER HIS SCALES

IT IS NOT ONLY POETS THAT DREAM DREAMS. THE PLAIN LITTLE GROCER-MAN ALSO HAS HIS UNACKNOWLEDGED BIT OF A FAIRY DREAM, SHOT THROUGH WITH FACETS OF BUBBLING LIGHT— HIS DREAM OF WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

By Alan Sullivan

Illustrated by Marjory Mason

A DRAB little man with a drab little business and a drab little wife—such was Peter Dobbett. If to these you add two drab children, the cycle is complete.

Dobbett himself had a small round face, red pursy lips, large mild blue eyes and a fringe of scanty hair that struggled indomitably for foothold on the convexity of his shining skull. He smelt successively of cloves, brown sugar and finnan haddie. Dobbett had a Grocery Shop. If he had had a coat of arms it would probably have portrayed a box of prunes, couchant, with the motto "I surrender." For Dobbett's life was shot through with surrenders—first to his wife, then to his business, and lastly to his children. And all this had left its mark—had envisaged him with a gentle resignation that moved with a certain delicate dignity between the counter and the sagging shelves.

Mrs. Dobbett was also small, but had achieved a cylindrical physique that opposed itself sturdily to fatigue. Mrs. Dobbett did not move. She bustled. And when one says "bustled" it is only because no other word describes so perfectly that combination of semi-suppressed strength, energy and haste with which she traversed the difficult passages of her husband's shop. Puffing about like a tireless and stumpy tug boat, she wedged herself between boxes and barrels with a confidence that bespoke an exact and oft proved knowledge of her own limit of personal compression.

It is hardly necessary to delineate the boy and girl, except to say that they were the pride of Mrs. Dobbett and the despair of her peace-loving husband. Already the maternal eye had descried for them a future remote from brown sugar and lard. Dobbett, she decided, was very well where he was; but their children—never! She invested them with the potentialities of that second generation which lives, often, only to forget the first. She never tied a parcel without reflecting that the act was invocational—it brought her offspring a shade nearer their emancipation.

Had Dobbett fathomed the fact that the maternal mind considered him but little more than the means to an end, it might have resulted in one of those cataclysms that mild-eyed men occasionally propagate. But in the mind of the senior partner was no revolt—only a speechless acceptance of an unavoidable situation. He shrank from being interpreted as selfish and inconsiderate, for thus Mrs. Dobbett would have undoubtedly styled any effort to lift his head out of the mire of dejection. He had deep self questionings about his children. He saw them lose childishness and become what his wife admiringly termed "smart." He became dully conscious that what was good enough for him was not in any way good enough for them. So, rather than incur an uxorious displeasure he looked milder and more benign than ever and sought the society of pressed figs and the redolent circle of kippered herrings.

But, for all of this, Dobbett had that on which to feed his soul—a secret garden of delight to which he slunk, weary and depressed, and from which he emerged poised and fortified anew. His wife and children knew nothing of it. They would not have understood if they had. No one in the world had anything to do with it or any right of entry. Here Dobbett straightened his back, raised his eyes and stared straight into the sun. Here he was emperor and high

"I HAVE DECIDED TO HOLD YOUR ACCOUNT UNTIL YOU MAKE A PAYMENT, MRS. RAFFERTY"

priest. It was the land of dreams.

Night after night Dobbett laid his small, round, scantily fringed head on the pillow and tasted the sweets of expectation. Mrs. Dobbett would talk, mostly about the children—and complain not a little at their social limitations. She would have a dig or two at her husband and turn over, and, in a few moments, her nightly paean would commence its vibrant round—for Mrs. Dobbett would not breathe through her nose. The pink little grocer would wait till even the power to expostulate had left the prostrate form of his best beloved—for such she really was—and then he would smile up in the dark at the gas bracket and close his own eyes and drift away blissfully to an exquisite country where there was no such thing as social position, and the price of Oolong never altered. The good, the admirable part of it was that, though he plodded through the day in soothing expectation of the night, once he was fairly embarked for the land of dreams no soul destroying memories of provisions could follow him. He was as free as a fish.

Now it happened one night that, as Dobbett was strolling contentedly along one of the garden paths, he met a beautiful woman. It was the most natural thing in the world. It was exactly the place where one would expect to meet a beautiful woman, and Dobbet had encountered a great many of them during previous visits. But this one—and she was indeed very lovely—looked straight into the little grocer's eyes and immediately he forgot everything else. Those wonderful sea green orbs were all he could distinguish. His memory of that dream was that she held out her hand and in it was a small flat disc, about half the size of a macaroon. It also was sea green and full of shadows and lights that melted into each other. It looked like an emerald.

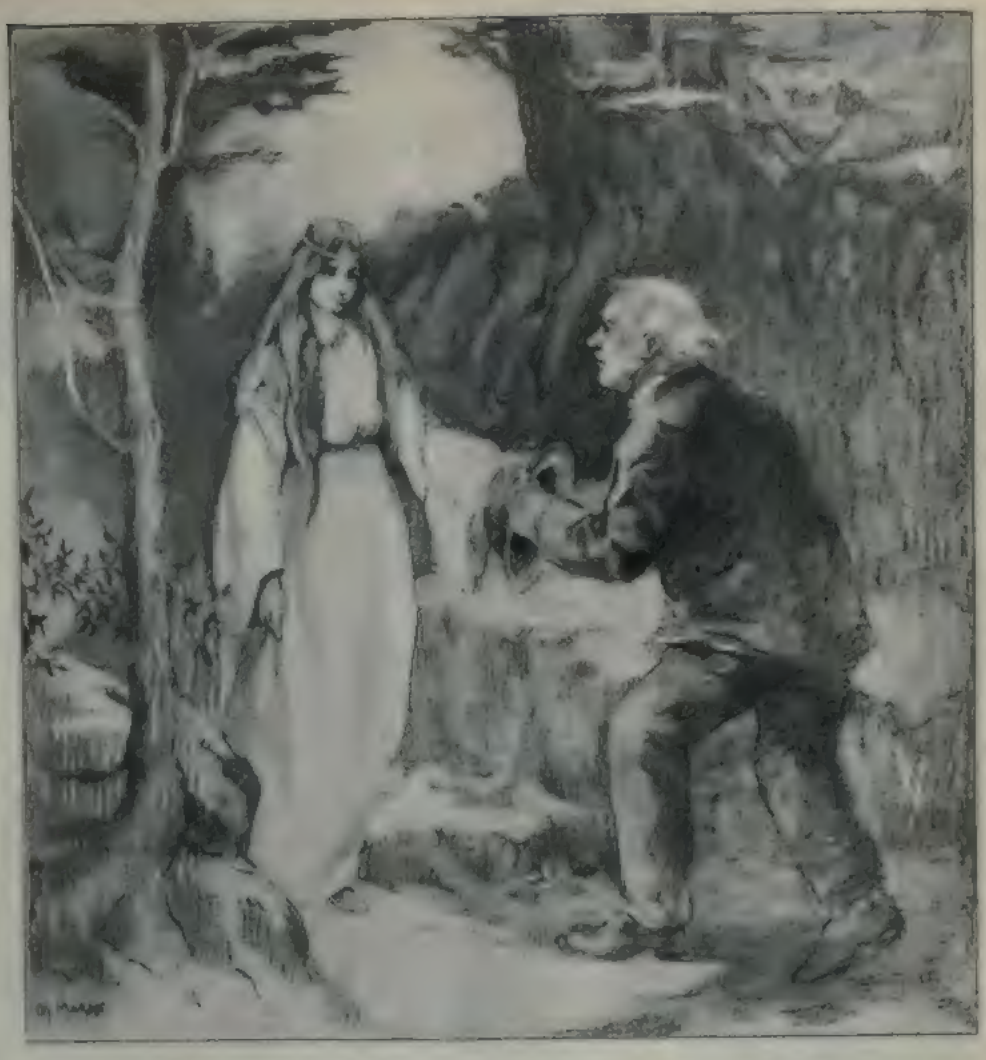
"Would you like it?" said she, still smiling.

Dobbett was polite but always practical. He had to be—on earth—and the habit clung to him here.

"Thank you," he stammered. "What good is it, ma'am?"

The vision did not answer but just gazed at him. And as he met those marvellous eyes Dobbett began to feel slow fires running through him. He was conscious that here and now he was getting very strong and wise—that nothing was impossible—all he had to do was to wish. Involuntarily he clenched his fist, and at once felt something smooth and cold. The token, the disc, was in his right palm. Then he looked for the giver. She had vanished.

He remembered that he walked a long way, hunting for her. He was rather afraid of the token and wanted to give it back. But search was without avail. He sat down under a tree; wondering what to do with it. In a little while he felt vaguely uncomfortable, and opened his eyes. Morning was stealing in. He could just see the budding leaves outside. The gas bracket was distinctly visible. A sharp elbow projected into his side.



IN THE GARDEN OF DREAMS HE MET—IT SEEMED THE MOST NATURAL THING IN THE WORLD—A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

"John Henry, ain't you ever going to get up?"

The little grocer blinked rapidly. It was unusually hard to shake off his dream. Then automatically, he slid to the floor; and, doing so, felt something cold and round in his hand. He peered at it in the broadening light—and gasped. He was shaken with memories that came surging back. He still had the token!

Dobbett was quite terrified. There was the sudden instinct of the male mammal to confide everything to his wife. But—even while he trembled at this discovery—there was something inexpressibly unsympathetic in the rounded hummock that marked his prostrate spouse. It was a grim satisfaction to reflect that even in the dark she didn't look as if she could understand. The thought struck him with a delicious tremor. He had never even dared to think like that before. The thing belonged to him absolutely. It made him dizzy wondering how he had brought it back. If he told anyone he would be suspected of— No! He would never tell. His whole palpitating being resolved itself into one inarticulate oath of secrecy.

A few hours later Mrs. Dobbett became aware that something unusual was pervading the shop. In the first place, Mrs. Rafferty's long line of credit had been abruptly terminated. Dobbett leaned quite calmly across the counter, and announced without a quiver in his small, weak voice:

"Mrs. Rafferty, I have decided to hold your account until you make a payment."

Mrs. Dobbett, head and shoulders in a sugar barrel, caught the placid determination of that "I." She had paused, immured in these saccharine boundaries, wondering if she heard aright. Heretofore it had always been

"we"; never 'I.' She emerged to the echo of threats. Mrs. Rafferty departed in a tempest, from the black heart of which she called down the hibernian wrath of the ward upon Dobbett. But the little grocer stood looking after her with a contemptuous quiver in the corner of his lips and the nimbus of a new born dignity floating above his round pink skull.

Later, the children passed through the shop on their way to school. Mrs. Dobbett's heart throbbed as she watched them. As usual they helped themselves. The girl favored prunes, the boy twisted off a cluster of sticky dates. Nodding indifferently, they set off down the street, the focus of envious eyes. It was not given to every child to live over a Grocery Shop.

Mr. Dobbett observed them with a new curiosity, then turned abruptly to his wife.

"This will be quite enough of that," he snapped, enigmatically.

His wife regarded him with sudden anxiety.

"Ain't you well this morning, John Henry? What is the matter with you?"

"There's nothing the matter with me." His voice climbed sharply to the last word. "But I want what I'm goin' to have and I'm goin' to have what I want." His fingers closed convulsively over the token in his left hand pocket. "It's time—too," he added defiantly.

Her sharp blue eyes surveyed him with consternation. She had a quick self questioning. Had she been driving Dobbett too hard? She groped about for some new landmark.

"John Henry, I guess you'd better lie down."

But Dobbett only laid his pen carefully across Mrs. Rafferty's account, dropped his chin on his chest and stared back at her with the spark of a sudden knowledge in his pale eyes.

"Maria, I've been lying down all my life. I guess I'll stand up for a while anyway."

And Mrs. Dobbett, suddenly cut adrift from her life's anchorage, could only gaze at him, speechless and wondering.

Several things happened shortly. Mrs. Rafferty complained to Father Neelon that Dobbett had insulted her; whereat the Father came down and had a long talk with John Henry, during which the latter expressed himself with such good sense and firmness that Father Neelon forthwith preached a sermon in which he said that the best friends of the Irish were those that refused them credit: This made not a little talk throughout the ward, and the net result was that John Henry

Continued on page 209.

Walking It Off

A BIT OF COMMON HUMAN TRAGEDY PLAYED OUT UNDER COVER OF THE CITY'S SHADOWS

By Betty D. Thornley

Illustrated by Helen Haselton

AS everybody knows who can put his stethoscope on the city's heart, the doubly filled park benches are for lovers. But the bench with the single cigar spark burning a hole in the darkness and the bench with the one disconsolate head on a level with two correspondingly disconsolate feet, and the bench with the girl in pink huddled lonesomely in the corner—these seats of solitude, these desert spots of lonesomeness set in a plentiful land of duetitude, these are for the exclusive use of tired walk-it-offs.

It mayn't be something you've done that constitutes you a walk-it-off. It's just as apt to be something you're afraid you'll do. It's possibly something you couldn't do even if each little maddeningly yelling yes-nerve were to get permission from the tense brain that now says no to them. For in the last analysis, what the walk-it-off dreads and fights all by himself in the sheltering dark, is not doing, primarily, but thinking. It's the will-collapse, it's the mad moment of letting-go when the carefully built thought-by-

thought wall of protective soul-conventionality shall go hurtling down into the abyss, before the onslaught of psychical hysteria. This may be furiously or calmly executed, or it may run itself out in a spiritual debauch of the emotions. It doesn't matter much.

Around the corner in each man's mind there lurks this unthinkaboutable. It may be a legitimate inmate of Mr. Nextdoor's brain. But for a walk-it-off it bears a red-lettered sign on its breast: "Danger—40,000 volts—Keep Off." What the thought is, is neither here nor there. The fact of the track it has produced fore and aft in the would-be thinker's brain has rendered it taboo.

To the man with the cigar spark, unthinkability wears a girl's face. To his next door neighbor two stones' throws cross-parkward, it's just a word or two he heard this noon anent the firm's intention to drop six hundred names from the winter's pay-roll.

The little huddled girl in pink holds the door with desperate fingers against a mere silly scrawl of a letter that she wants more than she wants heaven, a letter that doesn't come. That's all. Though she can see it so clearly it's more real than the park bench against which she presses her little wet wad of a handerkerchief.

This is Carlton Street, the corner of Carlton and Sherbourne. Your name is Mary Mighthavebeen, little girl, and you're out to walk.

See here, you mustn't sit still, you walk-it-offs, you aren't tired enough. Get moving.

The lights stretch away into the west like a double chain of pearls across the throat of night. Night is kind. It doesn't glut your eyes with the insistent color-notes of day. It doesn't clutter up the universe with meaningless detail that makes your brain ache. It says a few strong, quieting, elemental things and it says them far apart. It chants life.

People flash in and out of your gaze. They're in the radius of consciousness long enough to create a mild wonder at the who and the whither of them without causing you any sense of being similarly observed. Jupiter and Saturn are doubtless aware of each other, but without curiosity.

The rhythmic beat of your own feet on the pavement produces a tautology of thought. Let this slide into forbidden channels and it becomes torture. Direct it to the simplicities of the casual and it has a hypnotic effect to add to the calming touch of night's cool fingers on the place above your eyes where the ache is.

You don't want anyone else with you when you're walking it off. You'd talk, and snap the net that repetition of needless nothings is weaving for you to recatch the unthinkable. Besides that, if you talked just now it wouldn't be about the market or the millinery opening. It would be deep calling unto deep, and you'd be bound to lose at least one friend, the confidant or yourself.

Monotony—that's it—mile on numbing mile of it. Reel it out fast, beat it off regularly, savagely, savingly. Tire yourself, that's it.

One phrase alone bears hope aloft on its crest—"This, too, will pass."

Maybe you can look back on other days when you joined the walk-it-offs, close folded in your soul-cloak, choking down the bitter "why" you wanted to fling in the face of the unheeding scheme of things. Gradually the tides of pain and rebellion slid out across the bar of forgetfulness, till now the agony of those other dim nights looks like a pleasant tragic play. You wept and ate chocolates, over in some forgotten peanut gallery.

This, too, will pass. To be sure it grips you by the throat with a suddenness that burns you faint, just when you think the pressure is letting up. But go on. Walk. Walk faster. It'll go, if you give it time. It always goes.

Somewhere under the window of the beetle-cragged house to the left of you, an hour or two after the start, you hear a faint little call. It comes from the lonesomest outcast of the city night, the interstellar dweller in the metropolitan system, kicked and tin canned from one ash barrel to the next—the homeless cat.

If you'd met a friend, you'd have turned bitterly down a side street. Your brain was too sore to find a dime for a beggar or an arm to the next lamp-post for a man who needed it. But a cat!—somehow the call comes from so far below the sidewalks of society, the demand is for so preposterously little of you, that you stoop and touch the thin back that arches up into your hand. My Lord! here's something miserabler and lonesomer and more up against it than you are!

All at once you notice that you're tired. You don't feel happy or satisfied or even safe, but you have the idea that if you could somehow catch that Dupont car, that one there—you'll have to run for it—that if you could find room in it to sit sideways so you needn't stare at your vis-a-vis' shoes, that you could ask cheerfully—almost—for a quarter's worth of tickets and a transfer down home. And maybe, when you got there, maybe—you could sleep.

MY LORD! HERE'S SOMETHING MISERABLER AND LONESOMER AND MORE UP AGAINST IT THAN YOU ARE!

ON THE POINT AHEAD OF HIM STOOD, SLIM AND GRACEFUL, THE UNBELIEVABLE GIRL

The Unbelievable Girl

By Edward J. Moore

Author of "The Confidence's Last Tow," etc.

Illustrated by Dan Sayre Groesbeck

VAN OSTRAND urged the heavy canoe around the wooded point with strong, clean-cut strokes and, shoving his weather-stained slouch hat back from his forehead, took a long look down the lake.

A gleam of white in front of a bunch of cedars on an island a little to the left caught his attention. Evidently a tent was pitched there.

"Funny place for a camp," he thought, and with the curiosity of the wilderness instinctively swung his canoe in that direction. "Must be fishermen or prospectors. No one else comes so far north."

A moment later he drew in his paddle and stared.

From behind one of the two tents appeared an alluring girlish figure in a blue and white bathing suit. She picked her way daintily to a flat rock on the shore a little to one side of the camp, stood for a moment with her hands locked behind her head looking off down the lake to the east where the sun was beginning to show himself above the treetops, kicked off her low slippers, and then, with a little gesture betokening both hesitancy and eagerness, brought her arms in a sweep over her head and took a long, clean dive into the cool waters.

"Shades of Psyche," whispered the canoeist, "what have I struck?" To a young and susceptible college-trained surveyor who had been in the wilds for the greater part of a year without a glimpse of a woman, even in ordinary garb, the vision was as a glint of the glories of heaven.

In a moment a golden head bobbed up twenty feet away from the spot of its disappearance and a series of vigorous overhand strokes carried the girl back to the rock. She pulled herself lithely to the flat surface, rose to prepare for another plunge and then, as if telepathically impressed, turned to discover the man in the canoe a hundred yards away.

Van Ostrand hurriedly resumed paddling to cover his embarrassment, for when her glance fell upon him, his face flushed under its heavy coat of tan as if he had been caught at something unworthy.

The girl jumped off the rock and turned quickly towards the camp as if to escape his scrutiny, then, hesitating and with an involuntary glance down at her dripping suit, came back to the water's edge and waited for him to come nearer.

"Hello!" she called in a clear-toned contralto after paddling brought the canoe within hailing distance. "Hello. Have you any milk?"

Delightfully startled before, Van Ostrand stopped paddling again in another shock of astonishment. This unexpected habitation of humans in the heart of the northern forests was evidently to bring him a dose of incongruities. His mind flashed back to the time he had last tasted real, civilized milk—a black-faced waiter pouring cream in his coffee as he sat in the diner while the train carrying him northward had halted at the little log station at Biscotasing. That had been early the preceding December.

Did the girl think cows grew on trees? Van Ostrand began to wonder if hard paddling in the heat the day before had brought him an attack of sunstroke.

Then he recovered himself. By this time the sweep of the canoe had carried him near enough to allow him to see the smile, a little curious, perhaps a little dubious, lurking around the eyes and mouth of the questioner who evidently realized how ridiculous the inquiry might seem. The man blessed himself for an inherent dislike for coffee without cream which accounted for a case of the tinned fluid being included in his last order for supplies. Answering the smile which by this time had become roguish and ready to make the most of any opportunity for acquaintance he glanced toward the duffle bags in the bow of his canoe, and called back: "I think I have. I'll land and see."

The girl retreated a little as the canoe grated against the rocky landing and her eyes dropped as Van Ostrand, tempted beyond repression by the circumstances, let his gaze linger for a moment, in spite of himself, on the long, full curves of shoulder, bosom and limb revealed by the clinging bathing suit.

She seemed reassured, however, when, while stepping from the canoe and stamping in his heavy, high boots to bring back the circulation, he lifted his hat and remarked in the matter-of-fact tone of a gentleman:

"If condensed will do, I believe I can let you have some of that. I told my cook to stow some with my duffle when I left camp yesterday morning."

The girl in her turn looked the man over as he began to investigate. He was dressed roughly in well-worn khaki trousers and the inevitable gray flannel shirt of the woodsman. Even through the tan on the back of his neck she could see the pink of the perfect fitness brought only by a strenuous physical

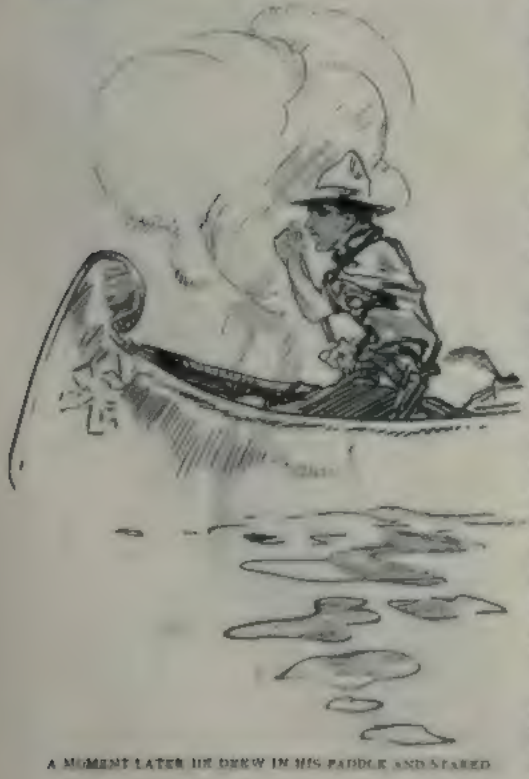
life in the open. His big muscles bulged quite visibly under cover of shirt-sleeve and trouser-leg as he bent to lift the canoe ashore.

"How will this do?" he said, after rummaging in the depths of one of the bags, turning quickly with a small can in his hand."

She reached for it eagerly. "Oh, I'm so glad. That's just what we were using. It's very lucky you happened along. Out there," with a blush which asked apology, "I thought you were a half-breed and was afraid of you." Then, looking down at his boots: "You're a prospector or something? Some one told us there was silver on these islands."

Van Ostrand smiled. "Perhaps I had better introduce myself. This," pointing to a stencilled Jarvis & Van Ostrand, Surveyors, on one of the bags, "will serve as a card. I'm the Van Ostrand. Our firm has been running lines for the government between townships north of here and finished our job day before yesterday. I was so anxious to get back to civilization that I jumped my party and was taking a short cut through the lakes with some long portages with the idea of saving a week by hitting the railway at Kinnewogang. But," stopping with some abruptness, "this is enough personal description. You are evidently the earliest riser in your camp. Can't I make your fire for you?"

He continued, as no immediate answer came, "If I'm not too curious I'd like to know why you were so anxious about that milk. Do you share my dislike for coffee without cream?"



A MOMENT LATER HE DREW IN HIS PADDLE AND STARED

With the easy camaraderie which becomes immediately natural even to strangers in the absence of the artificialities of town life they had started to walk toward the camp.

"The milk? Oh, I want it for baby," she said.

Van Ostrand stopped in his tracks, shocked again. Again too, a question as to his own and the girl's sanity flashed through his mind.

"Baby?" he muttered involuntarily, looking at her queerly.

The girl met his glance with a blush which ran from the small V in the front of her wet blouse to her eartips.

"Oh," she said hastily in evident confusion, "it's not mine. It's my sister's." Then in further explanation, "I'm doing everything wrong this morning, but I can't help it. I was all alone here all night and I guess my nerves are strung up. Perhaps I'd better tell you about it and let you help me. I was afraid to at first, but there seems nothing else to do."

Van Ostrand was a little surprised at how relieved he felt as a result of this revelation. But there were evidently more surprises to follow.

"I'm mighty glad I did happen along if I can help you," he said. "But you don't mean to say you were alone here all night." And with a glance toward the camp, "Where's the baby?"

"Little Jim's asleep in the tent," was the answer. "But he's due to waken any minute." Then, as she caught his eyes travelling down to her slim ankles: "I think I *will* let you make the fire, Mr. Van Ostrand, while I get into a drier costume. You'll have some breakfast with us—me? And I'm going to trust you enough to tell you all my troubles."

The young man assented with alacrity and went about the fire-building at once. He had breakfasted hurriedly an hour before on another island four miles to the west but the opportunity of further acquaintance with so alluring a maiden and a desire to solve the mysteries which accounted for the happenings of the last few minutes were much more than enough to draw him from his eager rush for the well-remembered delights of his city home. Besides, right at hand were presented in actuality a good many of those fancied delights.

CLUBBING HIS GUN, HE FACED THEM GRIMLY. THEN THERE WAS A RUSTLE BEHIND HIM. "THIS ONE IS LOADED," SAID THE GIRL'S VOICE STEADILY

The girl returned in ten minutes garbed in a trim, ankle-length skirt topped by a close-fitting knitted coat which suggested, even as they concealed, the recently-admired curves. She carried a healthy-looking youngster of perhaps a dozen months who stretched out his arms to the stranger.

"Here's little Jim," she explained simply, "and he's calling for his milk already. I used the last of our supply yesterday at noon and had to give him biscuits soaked in water last night. The substitute did for once but I'm afraid I should have had a great deal of trouble to-day."

Van Ostrand insisted on taking the babe while she gave some attention to the bacon and coffee he had prepared. The little chap went to him with a coo.

"He evidently thinks his father's come back again," the girl said. "Fred —my sister's husband—is Jim's great pal, and you're not unlike him."

Then she told him the story which solved the mysteries.

"We've been on the lakes three weeks," she began. "Fred was tired after his year's lecturing in the University and wanted to get hold of some special birds and worms and to do some fishing. Madge—my sister— is a nervous thing who couldn't let Fred out of her sight for a day so she insisted on coming along. Me ?" in answer to a questioning glance. "I came because I love to get away from the roar of the city and to help Madge. And I've loved it."

"The troubles began on Saturday," she went on, turning a little aside from his fixedly-interested look, "when Charlie, our Indian guide and cook, got nasty when Fred was away on a bird hunt. Fred took a flask of whiskey away from him that night and handled him pretty strongly. The next morning Charlie, the big canoe and most of our supplies were gone.

"We got along all right till yesterday, hoping some one might happen past who could lend us a canoe and guide us back to the Hudson's Bay Company's post, but the milk and other things got low and Fred made up his mind to try to find the way back himself. Madge flatly refused to stay here without him, the little canoe wouldn't carry all of us and Fred said it wasn't possible to take the baby—both would have to paddle if they got back by night—so I said I'd keep little Jim while they were away."

By this time the girl's anxiety, which seemed to have been somewhat relieved by the appearance of the apparently trustworthy stranger, again made itself evident in her voice.

"They promised to get back last night," she continued, "but Fred wasn't very sure he could find the portages and he may have gotten astray. Of course," this bravely, while a tear or two ran down her cheek and she cuddled the babe, now back in her arms, closely, "of course they'll be all right, but," with another faint smile, "you won't wonder I didn't sleep much last night. I knew I was safe enough on the island, but the noises seemed louder and stranger than usual. Once or twice I thought I heard someone landing on the beach, but no one came. If I hadn't had little Jim to look after I'm afraid I should have gone crazy."

As an afterthought she added, "when I was worst frightened I prayed for help to come this morning, and, you see, a good angel came."

"Garbed in the robes of a bush-whacker," he broke in, laughing, "and badly in need of the services of a barber. I'm afraid Saint Peter wouldn't recognize me."

"I guess though," coming back to the commonplace, "the good angels directed me. You certainly were in a fix. But I'm going to see you out of it. I'd mighty well like to get hold of that Indian, though."

The day passed very pleasantly for both young people. Under such circumstances it was only to be expected that they should find one another mutually agreeable. The babe, thriving in the ozonized air of the north, slept two-thirds of the time and was little trouble. The contents of the surveyor's duffle bags, added to the scanty supplies left at the camp, removed any immediate possibility of lack of food and beyond natural anxiety over the whereabouts of the absent father and mother, the girl, who had been early assured by the sympathetic and helpful attitude of her visitor, now had little cause for worry.

Van Ostrand, joyful in the delights of looking into a pair of hazel eyes which always seemed to have a roguish gleam in their depths and in the possibilities of converse in good English on topics from which he had been so long debarred, gave but a passing thought to his mother and sisters and the pleasures of his city home and lived only in the present.

By evening, after a day of happy camaraderie, made even pleasanter by the unusualness of the situation, they were on a basis of friendship which under ordinary circumstances would only have been realized in months.

About seven-thirty, after little Jim had gone off for the night, at Van Ostrand's suggestion the blue and white bathing suit made another appearance, the surveyor being accommodated with a garment of a similar type belonging to the absent brother-in-law.

"I'll be glad of a dip," she acquiesced. "You popped into the scene so unexpectedly this morning that I had to cut my regular swim short. But," with a friendly smile, "I'm very glad you did. We'd have been rather badly off by this time, little Jim and I, without you."

The night and the next day passed uneventfully, and without a sign of the return of the relief expedition. The girl preserved a cheerful front but occasionally the anxiety she felt broke through. Once or twice Van Ostrand found her with the babe in her arms and tears on her cheeks when he came in from a short trip away from the camp for firewood or after fish for dinner.

The evening of the second day, as they sat on the shore after their swim, watching the lake in silence, both evidently busy in their own thoughts, the man broached the plan of striking out in the morning for the post.

"Your people have likely gotten there by now," he said, "and are on the way back. We'd probably meet them. In any event you'd be much better there. Besides our grub is running low. Another day will see us down to fish and hard tack, and," with a mischievous smile, "you'll have to hail another half-breed to get milk for little Jim."

"I've been thinking about it too," the girl replied, after a moment's silence, "and your plan seems the only sensible one. But I can't help seeing what would happen to Madge if they came back here and found little Jim and I gone. Can't we stay another day or two ? Surely they'll get along by then."

Were it not for practical needs Van Ostrand would have been glad to continue the sweetness of this new friendship and the present mode of life indefinitely so he assented without much hesitation.

The next morning was cloudy and after his share of the camp work was done the man paddled off to a spot a mile to the west where he remembered he had seen a stream enter the lake, to look for trout. He wondered how much meaning there had been in the girl's eyes as they followed him while she stood with the babe in her arms waving him good-bye.

"Good luck," she had called after him, and a little anxiously, "you won't go too far ? Remember, I'm depending on you for the dinner !"

He saw her eyes and richly-colored mouth and cheeks more vividly than he did the brown hackle and the coachman he selected from brother Fred's fly book and tied on the long gut leader. He was too absorbed even to pay much attention to his casting. Trout rise readily, however, in these untouched northern waters, and after a little the lure of the sport gripped him and he climbed the stream's steep bank to try for some big fellows which he suspected lay in a rocky pool above.

Half a dozen speckled beauties were flapping in the creel on his back and he was zipping the fly against a log at the further side of the pool to tempt a giant who had jumped a moment before when a gleam of sun striking through the cedars into his eyes rather dismayed him.

"Good heavens," he said. "It's nearly noon. I've been away too long."

He urged the canoe along eagerly on the return trip. "I hope nothing has happened," he thought, and then, retrospectively, "I'd like to tell her to-night how much I care. But I'd be a cad to do it under the circum-

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On Account of Joe Hooligan's Jug

THERE WAS NOT ENOUGH GOLD IN IRELAND TO TAKE "BOTHERED BILL" DONAHUE AFTER NIGHTFALL TO CHARTRE'S MILL. NEVERTHELESS THIS IS THE STORY OF HOW HE WENT THERE, AND WHAT THINGS THEREAFTER BEFELL AN UNLUCKY TINKER

By Hermione Templeton

Illustrated by Edmund J. Sullivan

IN a deep, wooded hollow between two rocky spurs of the Slieve-na-man hills—as lonely a spot as can be found in all Tipperary—stands Chartre's ruined mill. Two generations ago the tumbling stream which fed the mill dried up; and now the conquering ivy shackles the great helpless wheel, and the impudent loosestrife, unmolested and defiant, flares and flaunts itself from every piteous crack and crevice. Shunned and disliked, the ruin droops, a blur of brown and gray among the leaves—a pathetic picture of friendless old age.

Some give one reason for this unfortunate decay, and some give another but Sheelah McGuire, the fairy doctor, who is, of course, the best authority in Ballinderg upon such matters, declares that the ill luck which blighted the place commenced on that day, in the rebellion of 1798, when brave old Felix Chartre was hanged to its roof-beam for high treason.

However that may be, there is a darker blight than mere ill luck lurking under its thatch; the place is haunted. There can be no doubt of that; any bare-legged little gossoon in the barony will tell you of many strange things seen and heard after twilight in its vicinity; and he will tell you, too, that the strangest of these untoward experiences was that which fell to Bothered Bill Donahue, the tinker, who spent an unwilling night within its crumbling walls How the tinker was beguiled into such a desperate situation is a part of my story

"BAD MANNERS TO THE BOTH OF YEZ! [illegible] "SO I'M TO CARRY THE GOSSIP AND IT'S THE LIKES OF YEZ AS WILL CONDESCEND TO LISTEN [illegible]

One Sunday morning the village of Ballinderg was astounded by the news that Mrs. Cornelius Brady had lost two of her fine black Spanish hens, and also—and this followed as a matter of course—that Mrs. Brady accused Bothered Bill Donahue, the tinker, of having taken them.

Mary McGuire, Mrs. Brady's own sister's child, saw the tinker only the day before chirruping through the hedge at the two innocent creatures, and they were looking back at him without a blink of suspicion in their eyes. Well, the next morning, when Mrs. Brady went to feed the chickens, there wasn't a pin-feather of the poor things to be found. In a twinkling the indignant parish took fire

Now, notwithstanding this strong evidence against him, Bill had no more to do with the mysterious disappearance of these same hens than had—well, had old Lord Killgobbin himself But even though day after day, by virtue of his oath, he savagely affirmed his innocence to whomsoever would listen, the parish of Ballinderg passed him coldly by with accusing condemnatory glances.

One afternoon, about a week after the disappearance of the hens, Bill crawled through the gap in McGuinnis' hedge and seated himself dejectedly in the deep shade. Nursing his head in his two hands, the worried man began fiercely debating whether to shoulder his kit and leave the County Tipperary forever, or whether to whirl in and beat black and blue every man, woman and child in the village of Ballinderg. As luck would have it, in the midst of this bitter quandary, Public Opinion, personified by Kate Clancy and her first cousin, Honoria Driscoll, met itself in the highroad not three yards distant from where the tinker sat, and proceeded to settle his reputation.

"Arrah, is that yerself, Kate Clancy? Sure, wasn't I just on the road to yer house this minute. I wouldn't stop to dhrink more than three cups of Mag Hennessy's salybrated new Chinayse tay, though she almost tore the shawl off houlding me back to take the fourth cup. But, to tell ye the truth, Kate," and Mrs. Driscoll's voice sank to a hoarse, confidential whisper, "betwixt you an' me, the sorra much I think of that same new tay. It isn't to be compared with yer own for stren'th; s-s-sh, she has to bile it ten minutes be the clock or it has no more stren'th than—Oh, did ye hear? I came near forgetting to tell ye. Danny Gilligan dhramed last night that he saw one of Mrs. Brady's black Spanish hins settin' on a stone be Hagan's stile, and it soldering up a hole in the bottom of a big iron kittle."

Mrs. Clancy's lips tightened.

"Will ye look at that for proof!" she groaned. "Isn't it a thrue sayin' that murdher will out? Oh, isn't he a villain!"

"Well, Kate," said Mrs. Driscoll, "it is thrue the worruld must have tinkers, but afther that raydoubtable thrick, while Bill Donahue is mendin' *my* pots and soldering *my* pans, though I may listen to the gossip the villain brings to the house (for sure we must have news of what's goin' on in the worruld), 'tis an unfriendly an' rayprovin' eye I'll be givin' him the while; and—God bless us an' save us! d'ye see where the rogue is lying hiding an' listening beyant the hedge? Oh, here he comes; run for yer life!"

Even as Mrs. Driscoll spoke, the scowling black face of the enraged tinker was pushed through the hedge, and the next moment his long, lank body wormed itself after. Meanwhile the startled women had bolted in opposite directions and were running like frightened hares toward their homes.

Bill savagely shook his fist, first at one woman, then at the other. "Bad manners to the both of yez," he roared. "So I'm to carry the gossip, am I, and it's the loikes of you as'll condescind to listen to it? Oh, ho, niver fear but I'll carry the gossip; I'll hang the saycrit maymores of yer two families an' of their dishgraceful pettigrees on ivery bush betwixt Killmurphy and Ballinderg. Out on yez, ye ongrateful spalpeens!" He waved his clenched fist at the empty landscape. "To the divil with yez! to the divil with the whole parish, for the matther of that! I'm done with yez all!" he shouted.

By a strange chance this sweeping denunciation met with immediate challenge. Out of the drowsy noonday silence broke an answering shout of angry derision that startled the tinker. Giving a surprised look in the direction whence it came, Bill saw advancing toward him, down the narrow by-lane, an antagonist worthy of his steel. Standing erect in his donkey-cart and furiously shaking his fist at Bill, came irascible little Michael Callahan, who kept the private still up in Chartre's woods.

Now, Bill had not the slightest quarrel with the little distiller, nor had Michael Callahan, up to that moment, any grievance whatever against the tinker. That mattered little. Every one knew that Michael was a sensitive-minded little man who could pick an insult out of the time o' day; and so Bill understood at once that the distiller had taken to himself the angry shouts and had misinterpreted the defiant gesture as personal affronts. Instead of offering explanation or apology, however, the sore heart of the tinker exulted at the chance of an adversary, and the row was on. Michael Callahan was too far away to be intelligible; but that made no serious difference.

IT WAS THE TINKER WHO FIRST GAINED COURAGE TO PEER DOWN

"Tinker yerself, ye chaytin', undhersized Judy Ascarriat," roared Bill, "you and yer swindlin' little pint measures! What's that? I dare ye! Twicet yer size wouldn't be able. Come down out of yer ould ca-art. Oh ho! What did ye say? I niver saw Mrs. Brady's hins. Ah, ha! Go wan, ye cross-eyed callumniator. What?"

If Michael Callahan's way had tended down the road past where Bill stood, there might have happened something more lasting than hard words; but as the cart's proper journey lay in the other direction, the two men continued only to shake their fists at each other and to shout abuse, until the distiller, thundering and lightning like a retreating storm, dropped out of sight in the hollow of the road this side of Muldoon's hill.

Then Bill turned and wiped his moist brow with a triumphant sweep of his hand. "I'd do no more than right," he muttered, "if I was to tell the gauger of the dozen jugs of poteen the blagguard has with him hid undher that pile of fagots in his ca-art. Why shouldn't I?"

He flung a resentful eye toward the cluster of cottages down in the valley. "No," he went on bitterly, "I can't. It isn't in me blood or breed to turn informer. But hould a bit! I'll have me sweet revenge. I'll go up to Callahan's still in Chartre's wood,—that little divil Michael'll be gone all day, and there's no wan tendin' it—an' oh, thin won't I dhrink me fill!"

He chuckled to himself. "An' whin I've had all I want, I'll march back bould as a sheep to Mrs. Brady's house for the night, an' afther atin' me hot supper I'll sit in me corner cowld an' impident till bedtime, and in the mornin' I'll shake the dust of this parish from me feet forever."

Bill gulped a sob at the thought and continued in a burst of self-pity:

"Oh, ain't they the hardhearted, fickle people, to forget so soon after all me goodness to thim?" he sniveled. "I've mended an' I've moiled, I've tinkered an' I've toiled for them this twenty years, an' now, afther all me hard worruk, look at the thanks I get."

Wiping his eyes with the back of his hand, for he felt the general slight and insult in the marrow of his bones, Bill hid his bag of tools in a covered drain, and, taking with him only a heavy blackthorn stick, wended his lonely way over the stony upland toward Chartre's woods.

It was almost sunset when the tired man reached Callahan's cave in Chartre's wood, and it was all he could do to scrooge himself through the narrow passage which led into the still; but, after sundry bumps and scratches, he found himself at last in the venerated presence of the big copper vessel itself.

"WILL YE LOOK AT THAT FOR PROOF?" SHE GROANED. "ISN'T IT A THRUE SAYIN' THAT MURDHER WILL OUT?"

A little hole in the roof let in just enough light to reveal dimly the contents of the mysterious room. Bill's quick, admiring glance took in the coils of pipe and the vessels of copper and iron which lay scattered about; but what riveted the tinker's attention and gladdened his heavy heart was the sight of half a dozen fat, satisfied-looking jugs standing cheek by jowl on the cool, damp earthen floor. Each particular jug Bill had seen so often before in the home of its owner that now he had no trouble at all in identifying it.

"There yez are, the darlints," said Bill; "six of the comfortingest friends a man can have in trouble. Yez'll not backbite him nor thrayduce him to his neighbors; but whin his heart is froze wid sorrow, an' there's nothing left but a cowld and lonely hearthstone, 'tis you that can kindle a blaze in the ashes an' warrum the cockles of his heart wid pleasant dhrames an' friendly faces. An' 'tis meself never had sorer nade of ye."

He stooped and lifted one of the jugs high above his head. Then, smiling, he said:

"This is yours, Darby O'Gill; I know it by the nick on the handle. Well, Darby, me bouchal, here's luck to ye." A prolonged low gurgle echoed in the silent room.

Bill set the jug back considerably lightened; he picked up another.

"Wisha, thin, I will so, Joe Hooligan, me lad, since you're so kind and pressing," he said, "Many's the time I've seen ye hid snug behind the forge dure!" Joe Hooligan's jug gurgled even longer than Darby O'Gill's, and Bill set it down with a satisfied gasp.

"Oh, ho, Mrs Flannigan, is that yerself?" he chuckled, with a rollicking wink. "An' isn't it a sight for sore eyes to see ye sittin' there so aisy an' beguilin'! An' now, with yer l'ave, Mrs. Flannigan, alanna, I'll loight my poipe, an' it's outside the two of us'll go, where ye can sit on me knee in the dusk of the evening; for who knows but what that rogue of a Michael Callahan might come sneakin' back an' surprise the both of us together?"

The shadows were already settling heavy on the hillside as Bill sat himself down under the nearest tree. There was a drowsy twittering of nestling birds in the boughs, and somewhere far down in the valley a belated thrush was hurrying through its evening song.

Bill's gaze roved idly down the hillslope from one ridge of gray rocks to another, the old red roof of Chartrie's Mill, half a mile away, seemed to push itself through the tops of the clustering trees and to turn a frowning and sullen face toward him.

A little startled, the man paused with pipe half lifted. Even at that distance, the old ruin after sunset was not a pleasant neighbor. "Oh, ho, ye murdherin' ould blagguard, ye! it's glad I am that you're over there and I'm over here. I niver heard a good word of ye yet," he growled. "Lemme see, I wonder if I raymember the chune that was med up about you an' Paddy Carrol an' the peddler. I haven't heard it since I was a bit of a gossoon."

DAY AFTER DAY, BOTHERED BILL DONAHUE SAVAGELY AFFIRMED HIS INNOCENCE TO WHOEVER WOULD LISTEN

Scratching his head with the stem of his pipe, Bill's mind struggled through the adventure of Paddy Carrol and the peddler:

One stormy night, as Paddy Carrol drove past the mill, his best ear cocked and his weather eye opened for any kind of supernatural sign, he was startled out of his wits by three agonized shrieks for help. Never doubting but what it was the spirits he heard, Paddy whipped up his pony which galloped frantically on its way.

The next morning however, misdoubting whether, after all, it mightn't have been a human voice he'd heard, Paddy gathered up a crowd of the neighbors and went back to investigate. And well he did so, for what did they find in the upper room of the ruin but a peddler lying flat on the floor, his pack ransacked and he dead as a doornail. Undoubtedly they were the poor fellow's last cries that had startled Paddy. Three days later the assassins of the unfortunate traveler were captured. They proved to be two soldiers who had drunk with their victim at the public house during the day, and who afterward, for the purpose of robbery, followed him to this refuge in the deserted mill.

All these things drifted slowly through Bill's muddled mind as he sat there nursing the jug. Presently, to his surprise, he heard some one singing in a thick, quavering voice the lugubrious ballad which recounted the capture of the two soldiers, their confession, and the rather harrowing details of their public execution. After puzzling a moment as to who the

singer might be, Bill was much relieved to discover that 'twas only he himself that was making the noise.

"And to think, Misthress Flannigan, ma'am," he hiccoughed, as he lifted the jug and held it close to his lips, "the sojers kilt him for nothin'; the leather pouch of money that they saw with the peddler at the public house they couldn't find on him. An', be the same token, no one has ever been able to find it; though Long Pether McCarthy says that if any man had the courage to go to the mill at night and face the peddler's ghost, he'd find the money."

"I have the courage, but—well, why don't Pether McCarthy go himself? Why don't he send his—his——" The man's mind floundered helplessly in a whirl of tipsy resentment. "For the matther of that, what does a ghost be afther wantin' with money anny way, I'd like to know? He can't spind it. 'Tis pure maneness that makes him kape it. I raypate it," said Bill, hammering out each word on his knee and glaring defiance at the distant mill, "dirthy stinginess an'—an' maneness."

"An' now," he added after a pause. "Mrs. Flannigan, ma'am, we'll be gettin' along. We'll not go as far as Mrs. Brady's the night, acushla, but we'll stop at the first neighbor's house we come to, so we will, an', God willin' that'll be Mrs. McKinney's."

So saying, Bill struggled to his feet. He braced himself unsteadily for a moment his short black pipe gripped upside down in his teeth, and the half-empty jug under his arm. Then, slanting his hat rakishly to one side, the fated man zigzagged his uncertain way down the hill.

If the unfortunate tinker had turned to the left, as was his intention, he might have landed safe enough at Mrs. McKinney's; but with the liquor growing stronger on him every minute, and the darkness rising deeper and deeper at every step, what does the fuddled man do but take the turn to the right and go staggering down a rocky path till he reached the dark and lonely road that led straight up to Chartre's Mill itself?

Notwithstanding the tinker's brave boast, there was not money enough in the bank of Ireland to have hired Bothered Bill Donahue in his sober senses to walk down that path after dark. And yet, presently, there he stood within five feet of the broken mill door, swaying unsteadily from his toes to his heels and from his heels back to his toes again, and roaring at the top of his voice for one to come to him; for where did the benighted man think himself but under the eaves of Joe Hooligan's forge?

"Ho, there, Joey," he cried, "are ye within, I dunno!"

There was no answer, and Bill's voice echoed back, strange and uncanny in the stillness, while the old mill, dark, dangerous and secret, crouched lower in the thick shadows, as if waiting to spring.

"What's the matther with yez all?" he bawled. "Oh, I know ye're within, so ye needn't be purtendin' ye're out. You hear me well enough!" Bill lurched toward the door with outstretched arms. "Well, whether ye like it or not, I'm coming in annyhow!"

Muttering and grumbling, the tinker planted one knee upon the broken sill. At that instant a bat swooped fiercely from the black void within, and missed the rash intruder's head by a spare inch.

"Hello, who threw that? Sthop yer skylarkin', ye unmannerly blagguards, ye! What! Spake, can't ye? Oh, ho, wait till I lay me hands on yez!" He scrambled to his feet on the dusty floor and stumbled blindly into the room.

Something like the cackle of a low, malicious laugh came from the heart of the smothering darkness over near the great millstone.

"Is that where yez are?" said Bill, venturing a few steps farther. "Well, bad luck to ye, Joe Hooligan, can't ye sthrike a light? What's that? At laste have the dacency to give a man a hand. What?"

This last request was no sooner made than it was grimly answered. A touch fell upon his groping arm, and a hand cold as clay and dripping with water seized him firmly by the wrist.

After the first thrill of angry surprise for he still suspected that Joe Hooligan was playing tricks on him, Bill leaned forward, straining with blinking eyes to catch a sight of his captor. In vain. Neither in front nor on either side was visible any tangible shape.

"Leave go!" he blustered uneasily. "Take yer hands off me, or, be me faith, I'll give ye one belt that'll make surgeont's work of ye!"

And now a thing happened which, drunk as he was, should have sobered the tinker: as he spoke, Bill clutched viciously with his free hand for the arm that held him prisoner, and lo! there was nothing there. The viselike hand that grasped his wrist was without an arm. He then pried desperately at the cold, stiff fingers, but they only closed the tighter for his struggles.

"Lave go!" he repeated, "or, be the powers——"

As though in answer to the unfinished threat, the wet hand drew him, questioning and angrily protesting the while, over to the swaying oaken stairs, and with a grip of steel it guided him step by step up to the low-roofed room above. In the darkest corner of the silent loft the hand suddenly left Bill's wrist, and the unfortunate tinker, helpless as a blind man, sank in a limp heap on the crumbling floor and was soon fast asleep.

Just how long the sleeper lay thus unconscious is uncertain. However, he awoke at last, with a start, and sat bolt upright. A great round moon was pouring a flood of silvery light in through the one gaping window of the loft and thrusting straight, slender shafts through a hundred cracks and crevices of the old walls. Bill yawned, stretching first one arm, then the other, above his head, meanwhile taking a drowsy survey of the surroundings. He probably would have fallen back and gone to sleep again except that he noticed that the old structure was vibrating and quivering from gable to foundation. It creaked and groaned and strained as if in dreadful pain.

"Be the mortal man, where am I? What's all this goin' on?" Bill peered anxiously through the half-darkness.

At the farther end of the room was visible the large black hole of the stairway, and midway between it and himself was a stretch of leaf-figured moonlight which lay like a strip of pale green carpet across the dusty floor.

The bewildered man half rose in an attempt to find out where he was, but got no farther than to his knees, for, as he looked, a strange, silent, shapeless thing rose slowly through the hole of the stairway, and Bill, with a muttered exclamation of surprise, shuffled farther back into the dark corner, where he crouched, wide-eyed and suspicious.

Presently the figure lifted into full view, and, notwithstanding the gloom of the loft, the tinker was able to make out the faint outlines of a bent quaintly dressed old man, who seemed to be carrying a sack of meal on his back.

"Wirra, wirra," Bill muttered, "I wondher who can this be. I never saw a shuit of clothes like that in these parts before. 'Tisn't any of Hooligan's people."

Silent as a shadow, the apparition glided across the room till it reached the broad patch of moonlight. There it stopped, and, to Bill's unspeakable horror, slowly turned its livid face full upon his. But instead of the traditional gray, filmy lineaments, the features which now met the tinker's terrified gaze were those of a dead man's quiet, inscrutable face.

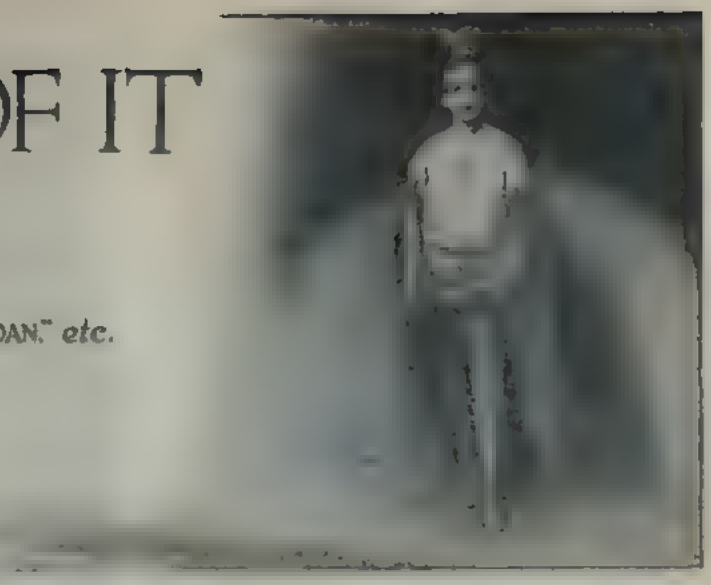
Day or night, through all the years after, Bill need only shut his eyes to see again those staring, immovable features. The hair was silver-white, fastened behind in an old-fashioned peruke and crowned by a three-cornered black hat. But the never-to-be-forgotten badge of horror was a noose which encircled the bowed neck, and from which the broken end of a rope

Continued on page 286.

THE WOMAN OF IT

By Alan Adair

Author of "THE APOSTACY OF JULIAN FULKE," "JOAN," *etc.*



Illustrated By Katherine Southwick

SYNOPSIS.

This novel of English society opens with a prologue showing Robert Sinclair as a boy in Rome. He angers his father, a cashiered captain, by wanting to become a singer, and is brutally beaten. Mother and son leave Rome that night, the boy regretting only his parting with his playmate, Denzil Merton.

The scene changes to London. Lord Merton is giving a box party at the opera for the family of a Canadian railway man, with whose daughter, Valerie Mount, he is deeply in love. When the new tenor who is to make his premier in the role of the Knight Lohengrin comes on Merton recognizes him as his boyhood friend Robert Sinclair. Valerie is strangely impressed by the tenor but chides herself for being actually aloof to him as the other women of the party. Merton tells her he is going to call on Sinclair the next day, which he does and finds Sinclair eager to renew their boyish acquaintance. Merton tells him that Valerie wants to meet him, but he laughs and intimates the Lohengrin armour has dazzled her a little. Merton disclaims this saying, "She is not like that," and when Mrs. Mount sends the singer a card for her next ball Merton persuades him to accept. Valerie perversely snubs him. Later in the evening a lighted candle falls on her and Sinclair puts out the fire burning his hands. Valerie attempts to thank him and ends by a gust of hysterical tears which washes away the coldness between them. They start afresh on their acquaintanceship, and she invites Sinclair to come and see them. However their next meeting is at the Duchess of Northshire's musicale, where Sinclair is a lion. She promises him three dances at Lady Merton's ball. Feeling instinctively that Merton will ask her to marry him, she tells herself, "To-night I will be happy. After that, the deluge." She coquettes with Sinclair and provokes him until at last he takes her in his arms and admits that he loves her. Then coming to himself, he puts her away saying, "There is Denzil, my friend—" She tells him, "He will ask me to marry him, to-night. What shall I say to him?" Sinclair grips her by the shoulder and says fiercely, "You aren't going to marry him! Do you hear me?" Then coming to himself, he puts her away. He will not take Denzil's beloved away from him, and he tells Valerie he loves her too much to marry her, that he would not make her happy, that he loves his work more than any woman. Valerie cannot understand this altogether, but he forces her to accept the fact that he will not marry her, and later in the evening she accepts Denzil. When Sinclair reaches home his father is asleep in his rooms, having come to beg for money on the strength of the fact that he is the next heir to the baronetcy of Abbott's Weald, and Sir Felke Sinclair is a very old and feeble man. His son settles two hundred pounds a year on him, and tells him that it is only on condition that the captain never show his face near his son again, never write to him or communicate with him. The elder Sinclair consents, borrows all the gold the son has in his pockets at the moment, and goes off with a pitiful attempt at jauntiness, leaving the young man alone. Valerie, as Denzil's fiancée, goes with the Mertons to Barrandmore, for the shooting. A few days after Sinclair comes for a few days, and is shocked to find that Valerie has gone. Dorothea breaks out on the voyage and Denzil is anxious about her, but she rights herself. Captain Sinclair returns to find his wife in money troubles which Robert promises to relieve. In a fit of pique Merton threatens to ask Lord Merton for a loan. Meantime Valerie notices that Robert is moved by pretty Dolly Brent and realizes that she is falling in love with her, and cannot endure it. She meets him, and for a moment they lose their control very completely. He takes her in his arms, and kisses her passionately, but swiftly realizes his treachery to Denzil, and sends her back to the house. As he waits for the shooting party to come up, he hears something or somebody stealing off through the woods, and it suddenly comes to him that it was his father

CHAPTER XIV.

VALERIE'S eyes did not stray in Sinclair's direction once that evening and Robert seemed to have forgotten that she existed, save for the one fact that he did not attach himself so openly to Dolly Brent—but he was very quiet and did not offer to sing, although Lady Killoe assured him that she was at his service.

He sought out Denzil. "I shall have to go in a day or so, old man," he said to him.

Denzil slipped one hand through his arm. "To go, Bob," he asked. "But you were to stay with me until you left for Paris!"

"I must have a few days in London," said Sinclair. "You don't know the amount of business a singer has to do!"

"But I thought you great men always had an agent," said Denzil.

"So I have, but even he wants seeing sometimes!"

Denzil was silent for a moment and then he said ruefully, "I know what is driving you away, Bob—I feel it always. Perhaps when we are married it will be different; I shall feel as if I had secured Valerie for the rest of my life then; but now, I hate to be away from her a moment. It always seems to me as if I were throwing away what the gods had given me! I can't believe in my own good fortune!"

"But I've always the shooting," said Sinclair. Then he added, "and I don't think it will be very different after you are married!" Merton laughed. "Nor I," he said happily. "If only I could hurry the day on, Bob!"

They wished each other good-night and Sinclair went upstairs to his room. It was a cold and frosty night and the moon was still bright as it had been in the afternoon. He went to his window and threw it open. His early life had unfitted him for these luxuriously warmed rooms and sumptuous surroundings. He liked his environment to be as simple as he was himself.

From his window, he could see the coppice where he had met Valerie, where he had taken her into his arms. His pulses leapt at the recollection. He saw her face, pale with passion, and her crimson, seductive mouth and the yellow leaves like flames all about her.

And as he stood there, he knew that he wanted her more than anything else in his whole life. For a moment it mattered nothing to him, that he could sing, that he was young and handsome and strong. He simply wanted Valerie!

And there was nothing between

"DON'T FOOL YOURSELF, YOUNG MAN, BECAUSE YOU HAVE A TENOR VOICE AND STRUT ABOUT THE STAGE, THAT YOU CAN GET THE BETTER OF A MAN LIKE ME"

them, save Denzil and his love for him, and his honor! Valerie would have given up everything for him and would count herself happy to be chosen by him—but Jean MacDonald's son was not one to be conquered by the temptation of the woman he loved.

"No," he said to himself, "I have enough! He must be happy—he must!"

Denzil's want of size, his plainness, made an appeal to him, which he could not dismiss. If he had been cast in another mould it would have been different perhaps. Somehow it seemed to him that he and Valerie were made of the stuff that could bear suffering—but not Denzil. It was characteristic of him and of his conception of Valerie's character, that he unhesitatingly condemned her to suffering too.

He fought out his fight, standing there looking at the whitened park and listening to the soft drop of the leaves that were coming down like rain after the first frost.

To-morrow the glory of the coppice would be laid low. It would no more give shelter to two lovers—and to one eavesdropper!

It was of that one eaves-dropper that Sinclair thought most. When he had finally made up his mind that the person concealed in the coppice was his father, he had resolved at once to wait two days on the chance of developments. Two days would be ample time for his father to have matured any plan of action. That he would assuredly try to make use of what he had overheard, the young man never doubted. It remained yet to be seen whether Denzil would listen to anything that he might say

Denzil slept happily that night, unconscious of what the fates had in store for him. If his last thought, his last prayer was for Valerie—it was only what was the case every night. The only difference was that he felt with joy that he was one day nearer the day when Valerie would be his wife

The next morning was fine and dry and the ground was covered with a powdered white frost. Valerie, looking at the coppice as Robert had looked at it, the night before, saw that now the trees stood almost bare, that they were touched with rime. Yesterday the glow and color of passion—to-day, nothing but the frost of recollection! It was emblematical.

But for all that she was happier. Robert loved her with all the strength of a nature that was manly to a degree. And as she went down the beautiful staircase and crossed the hall, she heard a servant say to Denzil, who came forward to meet her, "Mr. Sinclair wants to see you in the study, for a few moments only, he says—will you see him?"

"Why, of course," said Denzil, astonished.

Valerie had grown very pale, but Denzil did not notice that. "You'll let me drive you out again to-day, sweetheart?" he said to her.

"We'll walk to-day," said Valerie. It was a sudden thought that she would not do anything that she had done the previous day.

"You go in to breakfast," he said, "Bob wants me for something or other. I hope he will not want to go away sooner—although I feel that I have neglected him very much!"

"He enjoys his shooting," said Valerie. She could not discuss Robert with anybody.

"I won't be long after you," said Denzil and he opened the door for Valerie to pass in

The first person she saw was Robert himself—he was standing with his back to her at one of the sideboards and was carving himself some ham. He did not turn at her entrance, although she always fancied that he knew when she had come into the room. Valerie was a little perplexed. "I thought the man said Mr. Sinclair," she said to herself, "and Denzil thought so too—but it must have been someone else. I thought it was unlike him to send so ceremonious a message!"

Denzil had gone straight into the

study with, "Well, what is it, old man?" on his lips. For a moment, he saw no one. Then a shabby figure rose from a deep chair by the fire. In a flash Denzil recognized him as the man who had stared at Valerie in the inn parlor.

His anger flared up. "What are you doing here?" he asked the man.

"I sent in my name to see whether you would see me," answered the visitor insolently. "You might have refused me if you had not wanted to come in"

"Your name!"

"Yes, Sinclair. I am Captain Sinclair, Robert's father."

"Robert's father!" echoed Denzil—but he knew that the man before him was telling the truth. Of course, he was Robert's father. Denzil knew now why his appearance had been familiar and why he had disliked him so.

'I remember," he said very stiffly. "To what am I indebted for the honor of a visit from you?"

"To the fact that my precious son refuses to have anything to do with me."

"I am afraid I cannot influence him," said Merton haughtily—his tone implied "and would not if I could."

"No," said Sinclair sneeringly. "I thought as much."

"Then if you thought so, why take the trouble to come?"

"Because I was in urgent need of money."

"You thought it likely that I should give you money when he had refused it? I know him well, remember, and I know he must have good reasons for refusing!"

"You know him well," said Geoffrey Sinclair very slowly. "My impeccable son—you know him well! I could tell you something about him that would make you doubt if you knew him at all!"

"You could not tell me anything that I would listen to, Captain Sinclair," said Denzil shortly.

"But you will have to listen—whether you like it or not. Give me money, and I will hold my tongue If you do not, I'll topple your house of cards about your feet."

"I will not give you a penny," said Denzil and walked across to the door.

"You had better reconsider it."

"I'll not reconsider it. You will oblige me by leaving this room and this house directly." He put out his hand to the bell

Sinclair sprang up and gripped nervously the other's arm. "You little fool," he cried, rage mastering him, "do you want me to spit out what I mean to say, before the servants?"

"You may tell your lies before the whole world," cried Denzil and gave the bell a furious tug.

But before a servant or any one could have come into the room, Geoffrey thrust his evil face close to Denzil's. "I'll tell you," he said, "listen and be damned to you! My precious son and the woman whom you are to marry, were in the shrubbery together for half an hour yesterday—he loves her—let him deny it, if he can!"

Denzil stood perfectly still for the fraction of a second. then he turned on his heel and took a step towards the door.

"Turn this man out," he said to the footman, who had made his appearance at this moment.

"Don't dare to touch me!" screamed the captain. "I have no desire to stay a moment in this house! My lord Merton, I hope you like what I have told you—it's true, too—ask him!"

Denzil had passed out of the room and the captain, crimson with anger, was making his way towards the door. As he did so, the dining room door opened and Robert came out

In one moment he had realized that the blow had fallen. If he had only seen the manner of Denzil's walking across the passage without seeing his father, he would have known quite well that his father had spoken. Just in the doorway he caught a glimpse of the captain's shabby sil-

houette, and followed him. "What are you doing here?" he asked.

"Putting a spoke in your wheel, my son," said the captain with malicious glee."

"You will leave this house at once!"

"I'm going," said the captain, and then he let his fury get the better of him. "Look here, you puppy," he cried, "let me give you a word of advice. Don't think yourself so mighty clever! You think because you have a tenor voice and strut about the stage and the women make a fool of you, you can get the better of a man like me. You are making a damned bad mistake! You'll never best me! Never! do you hear that! I'll be on top of you always! I've hated you all the days of your life ever since that white-faced mother of yours—"

Robert made a leap forward. "You dare say a word against her and I'll shake the life out of your vile body," he said. "Go! if you don't want to have your bones broken!"

He seized him with a strength that would have been equal to holding two men of the captain's size and thrust him down the steps. Even then, he waited to see that his father had not fallen, but he was shaking all over with rage. He had quite forgotten to wonder what his father had told Denzil, so outraged had he been at his presuming to take the dead woman's name on his foul lips.

But he must not stay here—and he must have things out with Denzil! He walked straight into the study and closed the door—he knew quite well that Denzil would come to him. But he waited for an hour in vain. He heard the men in the hall making ready to start—he heard the yelping of the dogs and the flutter of the women's gowns and their delicious, light laughter. He even heard them say "Where's Sinclair? He was coming out with us," and he sat still, waiting, for what seemed to him hours. And then the handle of the door turned and Denzil came in. He seemed to have shrunken in that hour's agony and his brown eyes had a look in them that went to Robert's heart. But he was dignified as always—the only thing small about Denzil Merton was his stature. Sinclair looked up and pushed a chair towards his friend—and that simple action caused a look of hope to cross Denzil's pale face. Somehow he knew that Robert would not have acted so, if he had been a traitor to him.

"I've been waiting for you, Denzil," he said quietly.

"I could not come before."

"Oh, I know—you have had a facer, old man!"

Denzil looked at him a little wildly.

"Bob," he said, "can you speak to me like this?"

"Why not?" asked Sinclair.

"When the solid earth yawns under your feet—when everything you have trusted and loved—"

Sinclair looked up—a smile of wonderful sweetness played round his lips. "I should have thought you would have trusted me to the death, Denzil," he said.

Merton gave him a quick look. "I have trusted you," he said.

"You might—you knew me as a boy—have I ever put anything before my honor, old fellow?"

He held his hand out to his friend. That hand of his, with its long slender fingers, like his mother's, so sensitive and so slight, yet with such a firm and vigorous grasp!

"Oh, Robert!" said Denzil and laid his hand in his friend's without a moment's hesitation.

"That's better," said Sinclair, just as one soothes a child that has been naughty. "That's better, eh, Denzil?"

"God knows it is," said the other with a catch in his voice. There was a suspicious shining in Sinclair's eyes, but his voice was quite steady as he said, "That blackguard of a father of mine came to beg of you and when you refused him he told you that he had seen me in the shrubbery with Miss Monro—"

Denzil nodded—he could not speak.

"Well, it's true," said Sinclair after a pause.

"It is true! You love her, Robert?"

"I have loved her from the first moment I saw her at the opera, sitting by your side—but she was by your side, Denzil—and you were my friend!"

Denzil looked up quickly—there was a light in his eyes.

"Since then, I have avoided her—I would not come here because of her. For all that, I do not mean to pretend to you, Denzil—she is the woman I love, shall always love, and she chose you!"

Denzil looked up quickly. "Yes," he said with a lift in his voice, "she chose me! But she does not love me as I love her!"

"That is for you two to settle between you," said Sinclair. "There is no question of her between you and me. That I love her is true enough! That I shall always love her is, I fear, also true—but that is all, old friend! I want you to know this!"

"You give her up?"

"She has never been mine," said he. "She promised herself to you—that is enough for me!"

"Do you mean—"

"I mean," said Sinclair quietly, "that nothing new has happened at all—you know a fact that I wanted to keep hidden from you, but you will understand some things better now. You will understand why I want to leave you, why I was not anxious to be your guest while she was with you. You will know now that although I shall think of you with love always, it will be better that when you are married we should not meet. Above all, don't let Miss Monro guess that this has happened! Let her remain in ignorance. Our meeting yesterday was a mere accident. I was not quite master of myself—I have repented of it bitterly but it is the last and only time. And now, I think I shall go and shoot!"

He rose as he spoke and stood by Denzil, who, physically exhausted by what he had undergone, sat still where he was.

"You trust me, old man?" he said, hesitating one moment before he left him

"Always," said Denzil and Sinclair went out of the door, closing it softly.

"God forgive me," he said to himself. "I let him think she did not care for me! But it was the only course I could take. His heart would have broken!"

He made his way to the moors and it is recorded of him that he shot better than he had ever done before!

CHAPTER XV.

SINCLAIR had shot uncommonly well, and with the surface part of his nature had enjoyed doing it—one always enjoys anything one does well. But late in the afternoon, he began to feel unaccountably tired and bored. Even Dolly Brent's gaiety and pretty tricks of voice and expression wearied him, and Dolly, perceiving this, tactfully grew silent, too. Suddenly he realized that for some time he had not heard her voice, and turned to her penitently.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Brent. You were saying——"

She laughed. "Half an hour ago, I remarked that it looked as if we might catch a storm from those clouds yonder."

"Half an hour!" repeated Sinclair, with an appealing gesture. "It wasn't as bad as all that, was it? I'm desperately sorry."

"You look it!" she rallied.

"Well, I'm trying to," he protested, and they both laughed. She held up a penny, bargainingly. "What were they; and I'll forgive you."

"I was thinking that I ought to be in Paris," said he, telling a half-truth. "I sing there next month, you know."

"Oh! Then you are going to leave us." She looked charmingly regretful, but his eyes were not responsive. "How—Denzil—will miss you." She made the little pause eloquent.

Continued on page 269

Tag—You're It

By Felix Koch

ON BOARD THE ST. LAWRENCE BOATS, WHERE SOBER JUDGE AND FRIVOLOUS YOUNG THING PLAY MERRY TOM-FOOL TO THE DELIGHT OF ALL BEHOLDERS

Illustrated from Photographs

NOT everybody can go back to childhood, once he has graduated to the dignity of long trousers and a watch, or to trailing skirts and "done-up" hair—but it is easier to do it on shipboard than anywhere else. Unless you are incurably a grown-up, field day on one of the big Atlantic liners will reduce you to a thorough-going "kid." The spectacle of a dignified judge pursuing a fleet-footed granddaughter in the mazes of cross-tag, or of a ponderous M. P. anxiously attempting the feat of simultaneously rubbing his stomach and patting his head in the game of forfeits is illuminating, and does the participant no end of good.

BALANCING THE ELUSIVE POTATO ON THE SPOON IS NO EASY TASK ON A SWAYING STEAMER

THE GAME OF "ARE YOU THERE?" IS SECOND COUSIN TO AN IRISH FAIR AS FAR AS HEAD WORK AND RINGING SCREENS

Once the steamer passes Belle Isle, and picks up the serene waters of the St. Lawrence, field day is as certain an event as death or taxes ashore.

In the main, the ship's crew are athletic in their tastes and inclinations, and the Anglo-Saxon's love of outdoor sports manifests itself throughout the voyage. There has been shuffleboard and ringtoss all the way across, of course, but these are common-place—every vessel has them. On the St. Lawrence, in addition, one must have deck-sports which are distinctive, and funny as the proverbial goat.

Long before the actual field-day arrives, there is a big placard of entries on a table in the companionway, where under one or more of a variety of heads, one may inscribe his or her name. The total value of the proportion, therefore, is divided in turn among the number of entrants therein.

Assuming, let us say, that there are fifteen different events on this deck-day, each event, be it nail-driving or bottle-walking or "Are You There?" will be valued at one-fifteenth of the whole number of points—say 150—and so at ten points.

Let us suppose that in this event six persons participate. The winner scores six, the next to come in, five, the next four, and so on down to the loser, who gets one for his trouble. Among the six participants' total of twenty-one points, the basic ten is divided, on a basis of 6-21, 5-21 and so on.

For prize, the ship's company usually offers something, and there's a collection taken up among the passengers for lesser prizes, as well. But the prizes are the least part of the fun—it's the game that the contestants have at heart.

First, perhaps, there is a bout of "Are You There?"—a sport dear to English sailors, and first cousin to Donnybrook fair. The first officer and purser are blindfolded for this, and stretch themselves full length on a big square of white canvas, set across a hatch on the foredeck. Each clasps the other by the hand, and one of them brandishes a canvas baton.

"Are you there?" he cries.

"Yes," answers his opponent, disguising the location of his voice as much as he can, and tucking his head into such concealment as he may. He must never let go of his partner's hand, but with this condition, he may duck, squirm, wriggle, and protect his pate in any conceivable way that his nimble mind and acrobatic muscles can achieve.

Instantly upon the reply, the other strikes with his baton. He must hit his rival directly on the head, or it counts nothing—scrapes, glancing blows and collision not [illegible]. Five times he calls, "Are you there?" Five times he receives the answer and five times he strikes. Then his score is recorded, the baton goes to his

ent, and he may look out for himself

After the first officer and the purser have had their bout, other couples take their place on the canvas and try their luck at hitting heads. One after another they are weeded out until only two remain, and between them the champion is found

This, however, is largely a game of skill—others are to follow which are less skilful and more under the dominion of that fickle jade, Luck. Among them is the game of "Driving the Husband"

Almost every ship carries at least one pair of newly-married folk, and they are always the ones requisitioned to play a star part in this game. In default of bride and groom, any couple married less than five years may join the merrymakers

For this event, the steward is invited to produce a lot of large, heavy empty bottles—stout and ale-bottles usually These are set up in irregular formation on the deck, a course is cleared, and the husbands harnessed. A piece of rope about each upper arm, with reins attached, form the harness; a handkerchief is tied about his eyes; and guided only by jerks of the reins, he is driven by his wife in and out among the bottles to the end of the course. The one who upsets the least number is the winner. Afterwards, the wife is blindfolded, and the husband takes his turn at driving her, amid a fire of jokes as to who is the better driver of the pair Particularly when some man has shown himself an obedient husband during the voyage, it amuses his friends to behold him driving his wife at last

Women, in fact, get full opportunity to show their prowess in these field sports. For example, it's common report that a woman can't drive a nail Wait until you see her on shipboard!

The delighted sailors produce a plank of tough wood into which a number of huge spikes have been set just far enough to keep them standing A sturdy bluejacket is told off to hold the plank firm, and milady advances, hatchet in hand, to drive the obstinate spike. It must go into the tough oak, up to its head, in the least possible number of blows. Every little bit of a nib, every push with the hatchet to straighten the errant nail, counts as a blow. Sometimes the skill of the women surprises the onlookers. They grasp the hatchet scientifically, heft it delicately twice or thrice to get the exact balance of the weapon, and—bang! bang! bang! the spike goes down to its appointed socket as if "Chips," the carpenter, were himself behind the blows. Again, the surprise is in the opposite direction—but either way the contest is amusing for everybody

But if the nail-driving is funny, the whistle-and-biscuit race is enough to make you split your sides. Men and women enter for this event. Then the purser draws by lot a man's name and a woman's who thereupon become partners

Far at one end of the deck stands the feminine half of the team—far at the other end in racing position, stands her masculine partner. A sailor presents each woman with a piece of paper, a pencil, and a huge sea-biscuit. Another sailor gives each man a slip of paper with a familiar tune written upon it "Annie Laurie," "Old Black Joe," "Rule Britannia," and the like

At a signal, the men are off. They rush down the deck, pell-mell, to where their partners await them, holding out at arm's-length the biscuit. Hastily they snatch it, and proceed to devour it against time. Some crush it in their hands, reducing it to crumbs which they shovel into their mouths. Others bite great semi-circles from the cracker, and catch the fragments to be devoured later—for every morsel may be dry, but it *must* be swallowed. Did you ever try to eat a hard, dry, tough sea-biscuit without any artificial moistener?

Then comes the funny part—funniest thing you ever saw! Their throats dried with the sea-biscuit, their lips parched, their palates likewise, and stray crumbs of cracker getting into the way of their whistle, each man proceeds to render, each to his lady fair his own particular melody, and she must guess from his pipings what tune it is. Try as he will, he can't make her guess it. In the frantic run headlong down the deck, he has remembered the general up-and-downness of the melody, and now, choking to death, without a bit of lubricant left in his thirsty mouth, he struggles with "Oh, Where and Oh Where Has My Highland Laddie Gone?" or the accidentals of "Hark, Hark the Lark" while she listens, anxiously trying to detect a familiar phrase.

The more pathetic the attempt, the greater fun, of course, for the onlookers. By and by one girl guesses aright, writes the title on her slip of paper instantly locks arms with her partner, and together they dash up the deck to the start, winners in the contest. Other couples follow, and the last one is left to find that while he thinks he has been whistling "Rule Britannia," he has actually, by a trick of the memory, been emitting a remote resemblance to "A Life on the Ocean Wave."

Another race, with a flavor of the practical about it, is the life-belt adjusting contest. A man and woman are partners in this, also, and are placed at opposite ends of the deck, with a life-belt extended ready for application. At a signal, each rushes towards the other, ties and secures the life-belt as he or she would, were the ship in actual danger of sinking,—and get more in each others' way in the process than you could believe two human beings capable of doing. A sailor acts as judge and the winning couple is given points for neatness, security, and speed.

WHO SAYS A WOMAN CAN'T DRIVE A NAIL? WAIT TILL YOU SEE HER ON SHIPBOARD

Still another is the potato-and-spoon contest. The potato race is always funny, but never more so than at sea, where the motion of the ship sends the elusive tuber helter-skelter off the spoon and rolling gaily into inaccessible corners. The contestants must raise the potato on the kitchen spoon which is their sole equipment bear it the length of the deck, and deposit it in the waiting bucket Each person must gather, say, six tubers and land them safely in the least possible time, and the one coming in first is, of course, the winner.

With various ships, naturally, the programme varies. Passengers introduce novelties, and the ship's company always have a crack team specializing in some particular event. On one voyage an indoor track meet was organized, which bore about the same relation to regular track athletics that tiddledy-winks does to a smashing game of polo. Putting the shot was represented by a downy breastfeather extracted from one of the ship's fowls, weighted at the quill end with a tiny blob of sealing wax, and cast the farthest possible distance into a bulls-eye chalked on the deck. A nice hand, and an estimating eye were required for this feat. The marathon was parodied by a course laid out along the deck. The athletic competitors gravely moistened their shoes, stuck a sheet of paper on the bottom, and raced around the deck in an effort to complete the run without losing the sheet of paper from either foot. Pole-vaulting required a toothpick and a thread, placed a few inches above the floor. The vaulter had to leap over the thread in proper form, without breaking the toothpick or lifting it off the floor until the jump was completed—and so on, and so on.

Then there are the trick feats, apparently simple of execution, but with some hidden trick of balance, gravity or the like in them to check their performance. The optimistic endeavorer starts out to perform them in high feather, amid the amused circle of onlookers who are "wise."

For instance, there is the innocent-looking trick of the wall and the common kitchen chair. The latter is placed lightly against the wall in its ordinary position. The hopeful strong man, whose task it is to lift it by even so much as an inch, places himself in a bent position over it, his head resting against the wall, and his feet set one foot length back from the back legs of the chair. In this position, try to lift that light-built chair. Hoisting yourself by your boot-straps is nothing to it. It sounds simple and it looks simple, but in it there is a trick of balance that makes it impossible for the slightest leverage to be exercised

Physical conundrums create amusement. Placing one hand on your body in such a position that the other hand cannot touch it is typical—the spot is, of course, on the other arm's elbow, but few people will think that out

But whatever is the programme, the deck-sports day is always a red-letter one in the voyage and nobody enjoys the foolishness more than the dignified grandfathers and grandmothers who slip off the years, and return to childhood again. People look back to it with merriment when other events are forgotten, and recall one another's parts in the ship's sports, when they meet, even though it be a decade after

TO THE ON-COMING CONTESTANT, THE SEA-BISCUITS LOOM UP AS LARGE AS LIFE PRESERVERS.
[illegible] FRANTICALLY TRIES TO RECOLLECT THE AIR OF "OLD BLACK JOE."

[illegible]

That Promise to Pa

WHEREIN THE POWERS OF DARKNESS RANGE THEMSELVES ON AMELIA'S SIDE AND ADVOCATE THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN

By Maravene Kennedy Thompson

"DON'T you be askin' any questions to-night, Amely Do y' hear? 'Tain't a meetin' for young folks. You was asked only so's I could have company goin' and comin'."

Mrs. Elliot drew her heavy brocade shawl tightly about her angular shoulders as she addressed "Amely" There was a half-tearful expression in her colorless eyes; an uncertain settling of her thin lips on this particular occasion Her bony hands trembled as she drew on her mittens

'If Pa comes, I'll ask him one question,' said Amelia, in a slow, defiant voice "I'll ask him if he's resting content while his only child is denied an education befitting an Elliot I don't believe he is content,' she continued in louder higher key

Mrs Elliot met her daughter's challenging words with a stern, "Get on your mittens We don't want to keep 'em waitin'."

Both glanced regretfully around the cheerful sitting room before they started out The big base burner stove threw out an inviting warmth, its bed of coals glowing cheerfully red through the mica doors, the high cushioned rockers on either side the centre table extended appealing arms, the big cherry bedstead with its high feather bed under a red and white coverlet, bespoke snug comfort An icy blast met them as they opened the front door Mrs Elliot closed it quickly and stepped back into the room, she turned on the lower draft of the stove a little further, then raised the cover of the coal hopper and peered in.

'It's full," vouchsafed Amelia 'I put in two scuttles I filled the coalhod too."

"It needs to be full," returned her mother grimly. 'This kind of weather licks the coal up like kindlin' wood It's the coldest night we've had"

The crunch of the frozen snow under their feet was the only sound as they slowly plodded along in the middle of the road—the only broken path—to the other end of the town. There was repressed excitement on both their faces They were going to a spiritualistic meeting going secretly, fearful not only of what the minister and

"IF PA COMES I'LL ASK [illegible] QUESTION," SAID AMELY [illegible]

some of the church folks might say but fearful of what messages 'the spirits" might have for them

It was not a public meeting. The 'medium' was a cousin of Mrs Elliot's deceased brother's wife. She had a place in Boston where she gave her sittings her visit to Cresston was only for rest. The invited guests, a few friends and relatives of the hostess, were already in their places when the Elliots arrived. The medium sat at one end of the dining-room table, with three women on either side. On tip-toe and with bated breath Mrs. Elliot and Amelia found the places reserved for them at the end opposite the medium. The medium was a big, sallow woman with puffy eye-lids over bold black eyes. Her features were coarse, a good sized mustache on a square-cut lip giving added heaviness to her face But it was an impressive heaviness, in striking contrast to the ascetic faces of the women surrounding her—plain good country women, born and bred in the little town, indulging at the present moment in the wildest dissipation of their lives

Each woman laid her hand on her neighbor's as commanded and waited breathlessly while the medium rolled out in her low, deep voice

"In the name of the Lord if there are any spirits present rap"

"Tap-tap. Tap-tap."

It was not the medium's usual method of 'spirit' entertainment The slate writings, materializations that she gave in her Boston place, could not very well be given in her hostess' sitting room with only an ordinary dining room table for paraphernalia But it was strange and awesome enough for her present sitters The "tap tap, tap tap" sent a shiver down eight rigid spinal columns.

"Who's present?" asked the medium following up the question by a recitation of the alphabet repeating it until the "spirit had rapped out," letter by letter, an intelligible name

The "sitters" waited in a tense silence; they hardly breathed; their hearts beat like sledge hammers. Which of their dead was lingering under the table? Whose spirit had returned to deliver a message from the spirit world? And what—*what* would the message be?

E l i o t"

"It's Mr Elliot," announced the medium in matter-of-fact voice "Ask him questions Mrs Elliot, that can be answered by *yes* or *no*. One rap means no, two mean yes."

Mrs Elliot leaned stiffly forward. She tried to frame a question But

how to address a spirit? She opened her lips, licked them, closed them with a dry gasp, opened them again.

"Speak to—to him, Amely," she quavered.

"Howdy-do, Pa," said Amelia, her voice only a little less quavery than her mother's. "Have you something important that you want to say to Ma and me?"

"Yes"

"Mrs. Elliot clutched her daughter's hand. "Ask him if he's happy in Heaven," she commanded. "Don't worry him now over earthly things"

"Are you happy in Heaven, Pa? Are you resting easy knowin' that I'm not goin' to college?"

"No"

"Amely!" Mrs. Elliot's voice was shrill.

"Did you come back to tell your wishes again to Ma? Do you want her to promise you again that I'm to have an education befittin' an Elliot?—those were your dyin' words, weren't they, Pa?"

"Yes—yes—yes."

"*Amely!*"

"Will your soul rest in peace if Ma doesn't send me to college?"

"No."

"Will it if she does, Pa?"

"Yes—yes."

"That ain't your Pa's spirit," cried Mrs. Elliot, in tones trembling with both fear and anger. "He knows I never promised—"

The medium threw up her hands. "You've driven him away," she cried sharply. "You mustn't ever contradict them"

The woman turned her eyes in helpless interrogation on the speaker.

"I felt him leave," she answered calmly. "But there's another spirit present. It's for some one at this end of the table"

The spelling began again. The spirit rapped out a few more answers; then he, too, departed. Another came, five spirits in all appearing—one for each family represented.

It was eleven o'clock when the seance broke up. In subdued voices the women bade one another good-night, their faces pallid, yet with a furtive questioning in their eyes. Their Puritan blood could not fully accept this irreligious performance as emanating from their sanctified dead; their sound Canadian reason demanded proofs that what they had heard was in truth the voices of their departed relatives. They left the meeting not fully believing—yet not fully doubting; awed into silence by the strange *something* that had been in their presence—the unseen something that had made raps like no human raps that they had ever heard.

Mrs. Elliot and Amelia separated from the others at the gate, and turned in the opposite direction. Silently, side by side they tramped the long mile to their home. It was bitterly cold. The thermometer had fallen ten degrees since the early evening when they left the house. Their breath froze

THEIR BLOOD FAIRLY [illegible] WITH HORROR AS [illegible] OLD AGE WOMEN SAT BEFORE [illegible]

in flakes on their doubled baize veils, their ears tingled under their knitted hoods, their feet grew so numb that they could scarcely move them; even their hands, encased in heavy mittens and wrapped tightly in their thick shawls, felt the deadly chill

"Ugh!" ejaculated Mrs. Elliot, with a spasmodic shiver, as they opened their door.

"I'm 'most froze stiff. Turn on the drafts quick, Amely. Ugh!"

The hot bed of coals leaped quickly to a cheering blaze, the coal snapping and crackling in a wholesome way that brought back the natural color to Mrs. Elliot's face and drove the fear from her eyes. She leaned against the straight back of the high rocker and planted her feet on the nickel fender of the stove.

"Your Pa would never have spoke through any such woman as that. 'Twas blasphemy her callin' on the Lord in that way. I'm ashamed of myself for countenancin' such a sacrilegious performance. Your Pa allus said that such things was of the Evil One— that if folks was in Heaven they didn't want to come back; if they was in the other place 'twa'n't likely they could get back."

"A spirit ain't bound by laws," said Amelia sententiously. "You promised Pa that I should go to college. His heart was set on my having a college education. He sold the East End farm on purpose to pay the expenses. He and I had all the courses picked out—I was going to study geology on purpose to please him. I've been tryin' for two years to get you to do what he wanted, to keep the promise you made him on his dyin' bed. And he came back to help. He didn't care whom he came through, nor how. It was Pa—and you know it was Pa"

"Your Pa sold that farm against his own reason; he cried the day he put the money in the bank. An' I didn't promise to send you to college, a place where women learn to act like men, settin' themselves up against their betters—not wantin' to keep house nor raise their own children. I told him that I'd see that you had an education befittin' an Elliot. An' you've got that without goin' to college; a high school education is good enough for any girl, Elliot or no Elliot. I let you take china paintin', an' I'm goin' to have Rachel Carr give you embroidery lessons. An' that is all I am goin' to do."

She rose on the last word, standing erect, her tall, angular figure rigid with determination. Amelia met her steely glance with a gaze of impotent though wrathful despair.

"It was Pa," she uttered defiantly. "And you know he meant college when he said an education befittin' an Elliot. You know—"

"Put the soap stones in the bed," commanded her mother. "They ought to been in while we was gone. The heat don't seem to get away from the stove to-night."

She herself shook down some fresh coal, completely covering the glowing fire, and turned off the drafts—the usual nightly proceeding.

Amelia watched her mother kneel beside the bed and say her prayers. She looked with embittered eyes on the gaunt white-robed figure. She climbed in after her without herself kneeling

"Amely, get right out an' say your prayers."

"I won't say my prayers again, ever," responded Amelia with passionate bitterness. "I've prayed every night and morning for two years that your heart be moved to send me to college. I prayed without ceasin'. I believed that He would answer them. Now I know that there's nothing in prayer, or promises from anybody."

Mrs. Elliot groaned righteously. "This comes from my takin' you to that blasphemous performance." She clambered stiffly out onto the cold floor again and prayed loudly for forgiveness for her own culpability and Amelia's guilt. Her teeth chattered over the amen, her knees knocking together with the bitter cold even after she was again in bed.

The bed was like ice; it drew the heat from their bodies and gave back no warmth in return. Each kept closely to her own side, too resentful to snuggle up to the other. An hour passed without either's falling asleep. The hot soap stones had mitigated the icy chill of the bed, but still Mrs. Elliot moved restlessly, Amelia stared out at a streak of moonlight that came through a crack of the shade, falling like a long wraith across the blackness of the room. Their minds were still possessed by the uncanny experience of the evening. Both were thinking of it.

And suddenly, sharply, like a bolt of lightning from a clear sky, freezing the blood in their veins, It came again, came with a tremendous rap at the head of the bed.

"Crack! Cra—ck!"

An awful silence followed, a terrifying, blood-curdling silence.

"Amely!" So hoarse and changed with fear was Mrs. Elliot's voice that

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Under Canvas at Summer Fairs

TO THE VISITOR, THE EXHIBITS MAKE THE SHOW, BUT TO THE EXHIBITOR, THE PEOPLE PRESENT AN EVER ENTERTAINING SPECTACLE

By Lillian Beynon Thomas

Illustrated from Photographs

"WALK right up and get some! Get some! Lemonade! Orangeade! Ice cold! Five cents a glass! She likes it! She likes it! Come right along!"

It was the man across the way. A man and a woman were passing his stand. He kept on repeating his invitation until the couple had passed his gorgeous array of deep glasses of ice cold drinks. "They're married," he said in an audible whisper to their backs. A certain resentful stiffening of their muscles indicated that they had heard.

Just then two women with half a dozen children appeared, and the man across the way expanded his lungs, and called in his most inviting tones.

"Come right along, mam! Orangeade and lemonade for the children. They like it. Kids ain't been to a fair without it. Ice cold, mam. It is good for them, mam. Five cents a glass and one for the wee un." Then in a conversational tone, "That's right, mam. Here, my little man! I told you they'd like it. Tastes good, eh? You think I can drink all I want, son. So I can, but I keep it for kids like you. Come again, mam. Give them a taste before you go home."

He was quiet for a few minutes while he washed the glasses the women and children had used. That task finished, he looked around. The crowd was beginning to gather. He began calling again, and kept it up all day, stopping only to serve customers and wash the glasses.

The men and women in the tents and stalls around him, in fact all over the fair grounds, followed the same general plan, which not only advertised their goods, but created an uproar that was good for business. A Sabbath stillness has its place, but that place is not on the fair grounds. The more noise the better, is a pretty good general rule there, but like all general rules it should not be pressed too far. It would be more accurate to say, the greater conglomeration of sounds the better. It requires the hum of machinery, the voices of men, women, children, and domestic animals and music—the more the better.

Let this medley burst on the ear of one unaccustomed to noise, especially if there is a crowd around and his spirits begin to rise. He feels a strange elation. He is in a new world, carried out of himself. He is at the fair, worked up to the point of spending money, in a way that will surprise him next day, and maybe make him wonder if it was worth while. But the next year he will go again, and again the next.

I spent most of one summer attending fairs in small towns. Professor Ross and I had a tent, for which we secured as good a position as possible. We were advertising the extension work of a new western University. Prof. Ross had beautifully engraved pictures of the University, samples of noxious weeds, of grains and grasses, and also of harmful birds and insects. I remember that one of his talking points was marquis wheat, and another alfalfa. As soon as our tent was pitched he always went on a weed hunting expedition, and in his absence, I had to discuss weeds, grains and grasses.

My work was to interest the women in the clubs the University was trying to organize in the rural districts. These clubs were to interest the women in scientific homemaking, in rural improvement, in better marketing, and in education. I asked for names and addresses of all women who visited the tent, that we might send them literature from the University. Professor Ross and I had a lot of literature with us, which we were distributing free.

I noticed the man across the way, or rather I should say I heard him, as soon as I entered the grounds at our first fair. His stand was across a narrow driveway, and from morning until night he kept up a continual stream of talk. He was a short stocky individual with a booming voice that could be heard above all the others around. His voice was evidently his biggest asset, for he did a flourishing

business, in an untidy, unattractive stall. When we packed up to leave that town, and were waiting at the station, I noticed the man across the way sitting on a bundle and leaning against the station. I never saw a man look more tired. As soon as we got on the train he went to sleep, like one utterly exhausted. At our next fair his stand was some distance from ours, but we could hear his voice from morning until night.

Betty was on one side of us, and a shooting gallery on the other. A man stood in front of Betty's tent and shouted at the top of his voice, "Betty wants to see you." He gave no explanation, nor was there anything to indicate why Betty wished company, or why it would be wise to pay twenty-five cents to see her. Those who took chances and went in to see her, found a woman gorgeously dressed in a peculiar snake-like dress, wiggling and playing among a lot of snakes. She looked strange and uncanny, but those of us who were around in the mornings saw quite a normal looking woman, sitting out behind the tent, enjoying the sunshine, or going backward and forward preparing her husband's breakfast.

One morning it was raining and dull and she came in to see me. She told me her story then. Her husband's health had failed, and they had spent all their reserve funds for doctors and nurses. She had never learned to earn her living, but she had one hobby, she was fond of snakes. One day when things were at their worst, she sat down and tried to think of some way out. She remembered reading that every woman has some special ability, which if cultivated, would be marketable. She could not think of any gift that she had, and she said so to a friend. This friend suggested that she use her ability to keep snakes. From that suggestion, grew the idea of the side show.

A woman came to our tent after visiting Betty that day. She was righteously indignant.

"I asked that woman in there why she goes around making a public exhibition of herself," she announced exultantly.

"What did Betty say?" I asked.

"She said she had to earn a living, but I told her that if she wished to earn an honest living, I would pay her a good wage and give her a respectable home."

"Did she accept your offer?" I asked.

"No! She asked me how much I would pay her. I said eighteen dollars a month if she was quick and capable. But she just laughed, and said she made that much in a day sometimes. I told her what I thought of her and that lazy good-for-nothing man going around together. I did my duty but it didn't do any good."

IN SCIENTIFIC BUTTER MAKING, AS SHOWN AT THE FAIR, EVERYTHING IS SANITARY, ORDERLY AND ACCURATELY CALCULATED

Betty told her husband about it that night. She said, "One of those awfully respectable women offered me a job in her kitchen to-day. Eighteen dollars a month, if I made good."

"I suppose she gave you a lecture about the kind of a life you are living?" her husband said.

"Yes, the usual dope, but she brought her whole bunch of kids in to see the snakes."

I didn't hear the rest, for my attention was attracted to the shooting gallery. I had been greatly interested in the way the two men conducting it managed. One remained to run the business and the other went away, but never so far that he could not see what was going on at the gallery. When anyone stopped before the gallery, and seemed to hesitate about trying, man number two strolled up, and asked about the rules. The man inside urged him to try a shot, but he always held back for some time, and urged the other fellows to go ahead. If they would not, he would finally yield to persuasion, and take a shot. He always made good, and then the others would try. When the others were once interested he disappeared, and did not reappear until all those he had persuaded to try a shot had disappeared. Then he would come along and get another lot started. I watched them pretty closely for the three days we were at that fair, and I could not see that the second man was ever suspected of being in league with the man who was running the business end.

An interesting class of people are those who cater to the people attending a fair. The frying tents, some call them, for the odor of frying meat and potatoes is always in evidence, and back of the frying victuals, a man stands, inviting all to enter. Sometimes in the larger tents a man stands at the door inviting all to come in and enjoy their hospitality. At one of the large fairs, there were far too many people to cater for the crowd attending. One morning I was passing a tent where a man was earnestly inviting every one to come in and be at home. He was particularly jolly and witty, and I said, "How goes it?"

In a low voice he said: "Rotten! I lost twenty-five dollars yesterday, and I will lose more to-day, if things do not change soon." Then in a merry voice he called to a couple passing, "Come in and have a lunch. Your young lady would like it, mister. Don't be stingy. Give her the best."

The church women's organizations find great favor as caterers at fairs, and they do not need to be advertised. This is because most of the cooking is home made and the best the women of the community can produce, and it is impossible for anyone depending on the stores for supplies to compete with the women. All church societies catering at fairs, have all they can do, while often those who are doing it for personal gain, lose heavily.

People in charge of newspaper stalls or tents, people in charge of tents for fraternal societies, people advertising machinery, and people in charge of exhibits, generally look for a tent run by a woman's organization, when the

matter of meals has to be considered, and when they find such a tent, they generally stay with it right through the fair. It is the most homelike place on a fair grounds.

Another class of people who help to make a fair lively are those who have something to sell. One man we were talking to was selling post cards. He was the father of five children, and he hoped to make enough to send one of the boys to college the next winter. Some are selling to get money for some pet scheme that they could not manage in the ordinary way. Others, restless souls, prefer that kind of life.

Many of these people travel from fair to fair, through the United States and Canada, and thus they are busy most of the year. Sometimes a number are booked for the same fairs, and they get well acquainted and visit with each other in their leisure time. But even on the fair ground there are rigid social distinctions. For instance Betty and her few snakes would not be recognized by the members of a great big show carrying many wild animals and a large number of trained performers. But as a rule such shows as Betty's kept to the smaller fairs where there is little, if any, competition in their line.

But one thing I noticed was the general feeling of good fellowship among the people who do so much to make our small town fairs what they are. I suppose there is some jealousy, but we did not see any sign of it, but we did see people do many kind things. We saw people making sacrifices for people they had never seen before, and might never see again. We found them ready to give us a helping hand to put up our tent or arrange our display. In the larger shows the performers kept pretty much to themselves, but they seemed on the whole to be very loyal to each other.

It takes all kinds of people to make a world, and you find them all at a fair. Many people peeked into our tent, and when we invited them to come in, they bolted, without a backward look or word. No doubt they had read of the sharks that wait around, every fair for unwary individuals. We didn't fool them with our polite manner and invitation to make themselves at home.

Everyone at a fair knows the haughty individual, who is superior to every blandishment. Such people stepped firmly into our tent, as much as to say, "I have paid to see all there is to see and I am going to see it, but don't make any mistake, you can't spring any surprises on me!" The most extreme member of this type that I tried to instruct was a young woman, who seemed to have hardening of the joints. The only ones that I felt sure were in commission, were her hip joints, for she got around, but I am quite sure her knees never even flickered. She came in with a young girl who was so interested in everything that she never thought of herself and she asked all kinds of questions, but the haughty lady was not led astray by the veneer of respectability around us. She knew that people in a tent at a fair hadn't any social standing, in fact she was sure such people didn't have any standing of any kind, and she was afraid of the germs. She did not open her lips, she did not touch anything, she looked disdainfully at the literature we offered her, and she walked away, with her dignity intact, no doubt much pleased that she had been able to show us our place.

In contrast to the haughty individual there were the friendly persons who accepted the invitation to come in very readily, and when they were in decided to make themselves at home. Such people had no doubt that the University belonged to the people, and they were the people. They brought their wraps, their baby carriages, their lunch baskets, and all their friends. They lunched in the tent, slept in the tent when tired with walking around, brought their oranges, bananas, and ice cream cones into the tent, and left peelings, papers, and anything they did not wish on the floor. Sometimes half the chairs were occupied by sleeping children, and the other half by dozing adults, and we had to step over their extended limbs to get around, but we were the servants of the people

But the great majority were thoroughly interested. People go to a fair to be amused and to learn, and the first fair we attended a man assured us that our show and the dog show were the only things on the ground worth seeing. At another place we were told that we came in a close second to the poultry show.

Of the really interested people, there were many classes, which can best be explained by examples. A friendly couple came in one day, followed by two children. Professor Ross was out, so I went around the tent with them explaining what we were doing. When I pointed out some wild oats, they both laughed, and the woman said "I reckon dad knows what that is."

"Yes, I reckon I do," dad said. "When I first come to this part I didn't know anything about farming and some of that stuff was growing around and it looked good to me. I saved the seed and sowed it the next year."

I gasped, and his wife said, "Yes, he sowed it, and we've all been picking wild oats ever since. He gave us a life job."

"You bet!" one of the children said in a low tone.

We went on around the tent, and I saw that they knew most of the weeds and grains. They were particularly interested in alfalfa, of which they had read a lot, but had not yet tried. They asked for literature on the growing of grasses, especially alfalfa, and on the best means of killing weeds. They wished us well, and went away, leaving us feeling that our work was worth while. This couple represented quite a large class who visited the tent

Of course we had the people who knew it all. They talked all the time, told us volumes of stuff about things that did not interest us in the least, much of it bearing on their own personal cleverness. They knew everything in the tent and everything about of it, and had known it for ages. They had no doubt we might do some good, but there were many important things that we had entirely overlooked, things much more important than anything we had attempted. If we had only consulted them before starting out, we might have done something worth while

There were people from older countries, who were tremendously interested in everything in the west, and who believed that a new country should be greater than the old. There were others who had no faith in anything new. If we showed them anything they looked languidly at it and said, "Yes, I guess it is all right, but you should see——" and then you would be in for a lengthy lecture on the grandeurs of something they had seen.

We found that most women refused to take literature, until we told them that it was free. Some said quite frankly, "I would, only I haven't my purse." When told that it did not cost anything they took all we gave them. Others seemed a little suspicious of us all the time, especially when I asked their name and address. They seemed afraid that something might be forced on them, if they were known.

At one place a man and woman came in together. I talked to the woman who was one of those dry expressionless, drab little women; while Professor Ross talked to the man. When I had explained to her what I was doing and asked for her name and address, she did not answer me but called, "John!"

Her husband came over, and she looked at me, as much as to say, "Tell him." I did not wish to tell him, but I did so. When I had finished he looked at her and said, "You have no time for that kind of thing."

In a perfectly expressionless voice she said, "She says she'll send me home papers and things, that is all."

The man looked at me a second and then began "My name——"

Continued on page 272.

At Fort Despair

THE STORY OF THE MAN WHOSE MIND WAS FAR AWAY, OF THE STRANGER WHO FOLLOWED HIM TO FORT DESPAIR, OF THE FIGHT FOUGHT OUT IN THE MOOSE-YARD TO THE TUNE THAT ZENONI CALLED THE HUMORESKE—AND ALSO THE STORY OF A WOMAN

By Alex A. Thompson

TO-NIGHT as I sat in the vast rotunda of the hotel in this western city, idly smoking as I scanned the faces of the men and women who passed and repassed in that huge caravanserai, it seemed to me that I was thousands of miles away from the western plains—rather in one of the huge homes for the wanderers of the earth which are to be found in New York or London. Women, jewel bedecked and dressed like birds of Paradise, followed by clean shaven men attired in the regulation evening garb of society, hurried past me down the wide marble staircase to where automobiles awaited to bear them to the dreary labor of the social swirl.

It was, in a sense, a revelation, a pageant of the progress of this great western Canada of ours, that to-night I can sit under softly shaded electric lights while the music of the hotel orchestra filters dreamily to my ears from the distant dining room. How few among all that galaxy of business-men, globe trotters and human drift-wood, even remembered for a moment that only a few short years had elapsed since the time when this bustling western city was but a few shacks trading post where two trails met.

Progress—the twin lines of steel that have pushed their tentacles all over the map of Western Canada—has rapidly taken from wanderers such as I what is nearly the last of the lands of unbroken trails. Yet it is strange to think that only yesterday I entered the depot at this western city fresh from what seemed another world—the silent places of the Barren Lands that sweep away northwards, ever northwards, clear to the bleak uncharted waters of the Arctic ocean.

From that northern kingdom, the lure of the open places, the sighing pines and the slumbering lakes, have a whispering voice that keeps calling, calling to such as I, who am but an [illegible] whose fatherland is amid the mysteries of the trackless forests and the gray silences of the [illegible]

The man-stifled cities cannot hold me long, and, please God, in but a few days when I get a new outfit and a Peterboro to replace the one that I lost in the rapids on Cree River (I shall tell the Hudson's Bay stores here to send them up to the Landing) again I will be out on "the long trail, the out trail, the trail that is always new." For one who passed so much of his life among sticky galley-proofs, Kipling knows almost uncannily the soul of the wanderers o' earth.

As I sat and watched these men and women—the dwellers in the last great west—I might have been in any European capital so far as surroundings and appearances went, yet my thoughts swing back to the story told me by Old Phil, as we sat by Lac Labiche only a brief month ago. And to-night, I guess Old Phil is asleep in his blanket, under the sweet scented pines; a bed I envy him.

In the cities it is hard to tell of the open places; things seem to bulk less, although it is a great and ever interesting book to gaze upon the passing faces in the streets—that hurrying mob of humanity that goes to make up the twisted warp and woof of comedy and tragedy which we term our lives.

Among the sky-scrapers they value over-much the knowledge that is said to be acquired by listening to the prating of bald-pated and profound professors, guides of the gloomy lecture rooms. Dynamics and differential calculus may have their uses, but to hear the rhythm of the great throbbing, deep-hidden heart of Life itself, one must be, like Stevenson, a dweller in "God's great out o' doors."

I am forgetting Old Phil's story, for I can never think correctly with the incessant jangle of telephones and the raucous voices of bell boys in my brain.

Old Phil and I had left Fort McMurray in the fall and had headed east in the canoe up the Clearwater River and south across the Height of Land until we came to Lac Labiche. Down the lake we paddled through these soft fall days—it raises a hunger in my heart to-night when I think of the trip as I look through the lazy smoke from my cigar and see again the vivid green of the grass, the medley of color, dark pines, scrubby brush and barren gray rocks—all changeable with the bright sunlight or deep shade, dappled by the fleeting shadows of the drifting clouds. Say—if you sit in the city as you read this—just try with me, to imagine a sunset more wonderful than any you ever saw.

Try to imagine a fringe of spruce and pine silhouetted against a pale pink coral sky which blended into every known hue of the painter's palette clear up to the darkening dome of heaven. Scattered far to the rim of the horizon are piled up masses of fleecy clouds—seemed as though the angels from the arctic heaven use them as chariots to tell the people of the other side that their day is coming.

Can I ever forget the days on Lac Labiche? We'd camp at twilight and lie by the fire after supper looking away up into that mysterious dome with its studded stars, showers of shooting meteors, and then, some nights, those baffling northern lights that hung like pendants from a great electric arc, or like a reflected glow from some hidden fire, again maybe just a hazy sparkling shower of cold white light! And when the lantern of the voyageur—the moon—would swim up from beyond the pines, across hollows, filtering among the trees and seeking the shadows of little bays as we paddled along at night it cast its full radiance, a path of glittering silver, across the placid waters of Lac Labiche.

Often, out on the trail, I've wakened with the moon shining on my face, and have lain breathlessly, just drinking it in and thinking. Looking up into the fathomless beyond you gain a perspective such as you never win beneath ten-story buildings and a choking network of telephone wires, and you feel that you are only a mite in the infinite—that when you whim-

Continued on page 280.

HARVEST SCENE, PAINTED BY SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE ON HIS FARM AT SELKIRK

Spoiling a Painter to Make a President

THE THINGS THAT GREAT MEN PLAY AT OFTEN MIGHT HAVE BEEN THEIR LIFE WORK. HAD FATE SHUFFLED THE CARDS A LITTLE DIFFERENTLY IF THE PROFESSION OF ENGINEERING HAD NOT CLAIMED HIM, SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE MIGHT HAVE BEEN A WORLD-FAMOUS PAINTER

By Bernard Muddiman

Illustrated from Photographs of Paintings by Sir William and in his Collection

THE Canadian Pacific Railway and Sir William Van Horne go together in most Canadian minds. A few of his intimates know of his pet railway in Cuba, of his farms, and the art collection at his Sherbrooke Street mansion in Montreal. Smokers, too, know the Sir William Van Horne cigar. But there the greater part of the world's knowledge of this great railroad wizard ends For among other things Sir William Van Horne has been a painter all his life. And if engineering had failed him and the Canadian Pacific Railway had gone up the spout, Sir William might have been a great painter—a world-famed artist like Sargent or Monet or Zuloaga.

It was, therefore, with some faint hope of getting a peep at Sir William's own paintings as well as his celebrated collection of pictures and *objets d'art* that I called at his mansion on Sherbrooke Street, Montreal's Fifth Anenue It is a large square grey stone building on the north side of the street, comparatively plain on the outside but like a merchant prince's palace within.

Sir William, large in form, a trifle greyer than he used to be, with a half-lit cigar in his mouth, his coat collar accidentally turned under and his clothes dusty, was busy packing for a jaunt to his summer home at St Andrews. N B. Whether the time was opportune or not, he offered in a most inviting manner to let me into his treasure house

When I asked after his own paintings, he took me into the breakfast room, on whose walls were hung about fifteen or twenty large canvases.

"I keep this room," he explained, "for my own paintings, so as not to

disturb the rest of the household. I sometimes call it the Chamber of Horrors," he added with a twinkle

The pictures in no way warranted the appellation their maker had given them. Most of them were peaceful and calm in character, showing the beauties of nature in summer and in winter, in daytime and at night, painted in a confident pleasing manner. Indeed, apart from the curiosity of seeing the work of so great a man, one viewed the pictures with considerable admiration

How long had he been painting?

"Oh, a long while," he answered, "ever since I was eleven or twelve. Here is one I painted twenty-five years ago," and he pointed to a little landscape with a stream of water flowing through a field; the picture was alive with a really artistic touch.

On the east wall hung a large picture of the Van Horne farm at Selkirk, Manitoba, showing great broad stubble fields, and three straw stacks, the workmen building the last one from the load standing by; beautiful ambers and golds were in the grain Indian reds and emeralds in the foliage; light and shade, rhythm, balance movement, all the resources of the landscape artist had been adroitly used. The railroad wizard could paint He had united art with agriculture

Across the room was an impressive picture of the great Dominion Iron and Steel Works at Sydney, Nova Scotia, as seen at night, showing the flaming blast furnace fires, the lighted buildings, the multitude of towering chimneys, the sweeping, curling, illumined smoke, planted against the deep, starry sky of night, all reflected in the water. There was an intense dramatic quality presented in the canvas which kept one looking a long time. Sir William had painted this from memory, he explained, after his return from a trip to the Cape Breton Iron Works The retentive power of his mind was remarkable. There were a hundred observations recorded and arranged with beauty, emphasis and accuracy

"You do not always paint direct from nature?" I asked him

No, hardly ever. In fact I seldom have time of late years to paint in the day-time. I use the Japanese method of taking impressions of the subject and after a lapse of time, I try to reproduce them. Generally I don't begin painting till everyone else is gone to bed, and then I keep on till two in the morning

How long does it take you to paint a picture

Here's a picture," he said, indicating one. "They timed me on it and I was just twenty-five minutes

"Do you generally finish a picture at one sitting?"

"Nearly always; what I have to say, I say at once. I don't like starting a thing a second time, except merely to add some finishing touches

Attention was next drawn to a panel in a monochromatic harmony of color

"Yes," he said, in explanation, "that was partly an experiment. I painted it with common ink on a piece of beaver board and then I tried putting a coat of shellac over it. I intended it as a panel for a fireplace" (one of the mementoes which Sir William often given to his personal friends of St Andrews

There were many more pictures of Sir William's making some showing his engineering knowledge of form several nocturnes and odd views of land and sea, showing that he preferred the unusual to the commonplace

One was a scene in Cuba, the land of his pet railway. Wherever he goes, his color-box goes too

"I see your paintings are all of landscape. There are scarcely any of people"

No, I don't like painting people, except as part of a landscape; it is not because they are more difficult, for they are n

Did you ever take any lesson in painting?

No, none

Chatting, we went on to survey the main art collections of the house The floors of the great mansion were filled with works of art of almost every school. Workers of Europe and America, and even Egypt and the Orient were represented in paintings of every variety and style. Flemish tapestry, Oriental rugs, Chinese lacquerware, ebony and bejewelled cabinets of teak, models of Viking ships Venetian lateens, and Spanish galleons rare manuscripts and books, statuary Japanese arms, antiques crowded the

THE [illegible] BY FRANZ [illegible] ONE OF THE NOTABLE PAINTINGS IN SIR W[illegible]'S COLLECTION

place. All were carefully arranged in the various rooms and the halls of the building. No room was left without its works, not even the garret storerooms.

"Just imagine," I thought, "living here! Think of waking up in a Louis XVI. chamber with Murillo's Madonna looking down on you, and stepping out on an eight thousand dollar rug once hung in a Persian harem. One of Franz Hals' laughing faces would watch you dress. You would step into the study, see a model of the ship that carried Columbus to America; sit down by a Brazilian mahogany table, write with a stylo pen that once grew in the Nile, set your cigar on a bronze tray decked with the waves that broke on the ships sailing to Troy, and throw waste paper into a Chinese ninth century brass urn with the holy royal dragon encircling it, and then examine a ceramic Egyptian mummy case of some unknown princess, or look at a futurist impressionistic painting, to see which should be added to your collection.

After viewing the noted Velasquez paintings of the Spanish school, the Rembrandts and Franz Hals, and Ruysdalls of the Dutch collection, the great Herod Feast of Rubens, a group of the Barbizon painters and even such a treasure as a Leonardo da Vinci head, we came to the favourite school of our collector artist, the modern impressionists, the works of Cezanne, Lautrec, Leon Dabo, and some others. Cezanne was represented by a study of his wife. Lautrec's "Girl with the Bottle" was certainly impressive; it told its story in short but certain words. It was the morning after the night before. The canvas was only partly covered with paint, a trick Whistler once used.

There were two or three blue evening scenes by Leon Dabo, and another last arrival of his not yet up; a violet coloured fleur-de-lis painted on a bright green piece of board.

"Yes, I like them more every time I see them," Sir William said, with no uncertainty as to his feelings for the French Impressionists. "That one by Lautrec, of the girl and the bottle, (I call it the 'Painted Headache') is one of my favourites. I lent it to the International Art Show in New York last spring. I do not think painting consists of good draftsmanship, or neat technique, but rather the impression the forms convey."

Finally we reached Sir William's private study, a large room in the upper story where he does his work and most of his thinking. Arranged on the larger part of the walls was his collection of Oriental pottery. Never tiring, he pulled out the large leather bound catalogues containing many hundreds of pages in which with his own hand he had written the name, origin, and description of each of his art treasures. In the catalogue of Chinese and Japanese pieces of pottery (many hundred in number) he had pasted exquisite representations of each one on a one-twentieth scale which, under the magnifying glass, showed not a blemish, and rounded into shape as if the little vases or jars really stood before you.

"May I ask what you consider is the greatest principle in art?"

"I believe," he answered, "that art has to be the product of the *subconscious* mind, that the conscious mind should not have to think or exert itself during the process of expression, else the fingers cannot feel free to put down what is desired. In other words, the artist's emotion and not his intellect should control his art."

Such was my glimpse into the life and interests of one of our most distinguished Canadians. Sir William has, by his profession, built and financed all manner of works, but he has satisfied his heart by delving into the secrets of the beautiful. He has made the most extensive art collection in Canada, while the beliefs he holds concerning beauty he has practiced with the same confidence, thoroughness, speed and certainty with which he has planned and established transportation lines. That he has succeeded in transportation, everyone knows; that he has signally succeeded in the world of art, I had seen ample evidence.

The Breakwater

By Mary Gordon Fraser

WITH the roar of surf on jagged reefs,
Mad winds that shriek across a surging sea,
The swir of breakers, drifting clouds of spume,
And storm-swept shores grown old in tragedy.

Within, tall vessels swaying in their sleep,
Gray harbor-mists enshrouding mast and spar,
Ship's bells, low-muffled, over depths profound,
And, through the shadowed dusk, the first pale star.

The Woman Of It

Continued from page 256

"I shall miss him, too," agreed Sinclair, smiling inwardly. "I'm leaving Barranmuir to-morrow."

"I shall come to hear you sing in London," said Dolly lightly. "You know I'm to be married in December."

"Really! Good enough! Let me congratulate you," said Sinclair, with a sudden return of his warm, boyish enthusiasm.

She laughed, not very merrily. "You said that just as if I'd been successful with a difficult shot. It is rather like that, isn't it? Don't look horrified; everybody knew I had to marry. And really I'm no end fond of Colonel Sandays."

"Sandays is a thoroughbred," said Sinclair. "He is worth being fond of."

Dolly nodded soberly. "Much too good for me," she said, to her companion's amazement. Suddenly she dropped her kittenish pose, and looked him square in the eyes. "Let's sit down here a bit," she suggested. "I'm going to flirt with you, and I want your advice."

Rather astonished, Sinclair complied. This was a new aspect of feather-headed Dolly. He waited for her to set the key-note of the interview, but she leaned her chin on her hand, and stared out over the grey and purple moor with a brooding look. When she spoke, it was without looking at him.

"Do you think I'm giving Sandys a rotten deal?" she asked.

"How?" said Sinclair, temporizing. It is not always wise to adopt too energetically the role of spiritual adviser when pretty women begin confessing sins

"Oh, making him marry me"

"Letting him marry you," amended he. "Anyone could see that he was very much in love with—you."

"That's just it," she said soberly. "He isn't in love with me." She faced about, and looked at him earnestly. "I'm going to tell you all about it—the story's common enough. You're going away to-morrow, and we'll probably never see each other again. And somehow I feel as if you'd be honest with a woman—as honest as any man can be with any woman. Will you be kind enough to listen to me, and perhaps advise me I'll warn you now I may take your advice, and I may not—but I would feel better if I heard what a man thought about what I'm doing. Will you?"

"Of course I will," said Sinclair. "That is, if you're really sure you want to tell anyone."

"You knew I had to marry somebody, didn't you?"

He nodded.

"I wish you could see the things that well-meaning old dowagers have brought up to be snared," said the girl. "I won't tell you their name but I— I'd rather have married groom from the stables. I've been out three years now. Before long, they'll begin to say that I'm losing my looks. . . . And my sisters are coming up. Miriam's seventeen. And and I wanted to marry somebody I cared about. You know?" She did not look at him.

"Yes. I know," said he gently

"There hasn't been anybody. There have been some I've liked. I like you for example. You'd be a first-class brother. But I wanted to love somebody—to love somebody enough so it would be heaven when he was around and the other place when he wasn't. You know that too?"

"Yes. I know that. I do"

"Well, Sandays is a gentleman. He thinks he loves me. He doesn't know anything at all about me. He thinks

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—everybody thinks—that I'm just silly little Dolly Brent without an idea in her curly pate except dances and dresses and having somebody to hand me a cup of tea. I'm not clever. I can't sing or paint or write or dance or do anything like that. I can't do anything but wear my frocks well and do society things passably, and husband-hunt. If I could have made up my mind to marry some of the other creatures, I'd have palmed myself off on them without a qualm of conscience. But—but Sandays is a gentleman. Do you think I'm selling him a pup?

Sometimes I don't think I'm worth loving at all. And yet I've got to marry somebody, and I'd rather have it Sandays than anyone else there is. I do rub and hon[illegible]ly like to [illegible]ed. But if I were a man I wouldn't [illegible] me. Do you think I'm doing something that isn't—isn't sporting? Do you?

She turned and faced him [illegible]m. There were no tears in her eyes, but [illegible] him [illegible] doubt that it broke her heart. He hesitated, arranging his words in his mind, and she waited.

"I like you this moment better than I've ever liked you before," he said. "Why not tell Colonel Sandays just what you've told me? I believe he would respect you more for it, and love you more."

"Yes," she said intently. "I've thought of that. Suppose he didn't, though? Suppose he didn't?"

There was no answer to that. Sinclair could easily conjure up a vision of the alternatives offered by the dowagers, and shivered, as Dolly herself had done, at the thought.

"I think I'd take the chance," he said gravely. "With nine out of ten men, I wouldn't advise your doing it; but I believe Sandays is true blue.

Maybe," mused the girl. "Maybe. Men have such strange ideas about things sometimes, though." And then, suddenly she broke down. "Oh, why didn't they teach me something useful?" she sobbed. "I'd so much rather not marry anybody yet—not anybody. And I can't even sew. It isn't fair, it isn't fair!"

Sinclair said nothing. The world had not been fair to him, either. It occurred to him to reach out a hand and pat her shoulder, but with his curious isolation, he felt hesitant about it. She pulled herself together in a moment.

"I'm not taking this very well," she apologized. "It must be boring you frightfully."

He smiled, with the gentle, comprehending smile that made people love him, and held out his hand.

"On the contrary, Miss Brent, I feel honored with your confidence. Will you believe me when I say that I am more your friend now than I have ever

been—that I have more respect for you as a woman and as a good sportsman? I think you will make Colonel Sandays very happy, if you keep on being as honest and courageous as you have been this afternoon."

She laughed, with something of her usual light manner. "I'm afraid it would be too great a strain," she said. "But I'm ever so grateful to you. It's been a comfort to tell somebody, and I feel better."

At this juncture, Colonel Sandays himself appeared over the top of the heather-clad hill, and, seeing them, waved a hand and turned his steps in their direction. Sinclair and Dolly exchanged a look.

"Shall you?" he said.

"I—I don't quite know," she said. Then, bravely, "I—I think so."

"Go in and win," he encouraged her, and they were laughing together when the colonel came up, with the inquiry, "What luck?"

"Pretty fair," said Sinclair. "Miss Brent and I were just discussing the looks of those easterly clouds. Do you think we'll have rain out of them?"

The colonel cocked an estimating eye in their direction.

"It looks rather like it," he judged. "But you aren't going to hesitate over a hatful of rain, are you?"

"Ordinarily, no," returned the singer. "But I'm feeling a bit out of sorts to-day, and my next concert date is too close for me to risk a cold. So if you will be good enough to take charge of Miss Brent, I think I'll go in. I've been boring her frightfully, anyhow."

"I was just going to investigate the cover beyond the burn, here," said the Colonel," and I shall be delighted if you will accompany me, Miss Brent. You remember, I was telling you about it at breakfast."

"Oh, really? How fascinating—" began Dolly. She broke off, with an odd look at Sinclair. "You mean the one where you found the weasel's track? I want to see that." She smiled at the singer. "The colonel sees a thousand things in the woods that nobody else ever notices. He has even promised to teach me how to follow a spoor."

"We'll have our first lesson now," declared the Colonel, laughing, and they made off together across the moor. Dolly turned once, and waved her hand to Sinclair with a gesture singularly gallant and somehow touching.

Once alone on the moor, weariness settled down upon the young man with an almost physical weight. He wanted to get away from everybody. He wanted to be by himself in the quiet of his big empty room in London. The doings of the previous day had been a strain on him. This morning's conversation had been another. Even the talk with Dolly Brent had subtracted from his emotional store. He had postponed thinking and feeling, and now he knew that he must get away somewhere and think things out.

The wind had changed and now rain began to fall—a drop or two at first, then a moment's shower, and then a sluggish persistent drizzle. He turned up his collar. Tired and dispirited as he was, he felt that his vitality was low, and a wetting might affect his voice. He wanted to sing well in Paris. He had never sung there before. Swiftly he lengthened his stride.

"I shall have to get back quickly," he said to himself, "and to-morrow I leave Barranmuir. I shall never come back again—never."

To be continued

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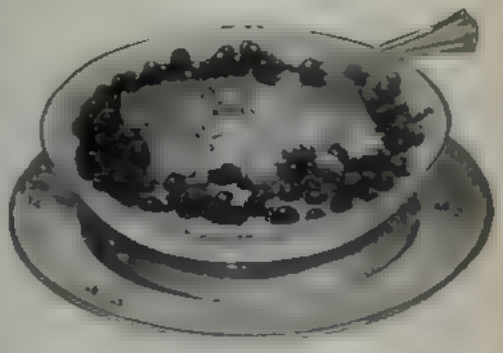

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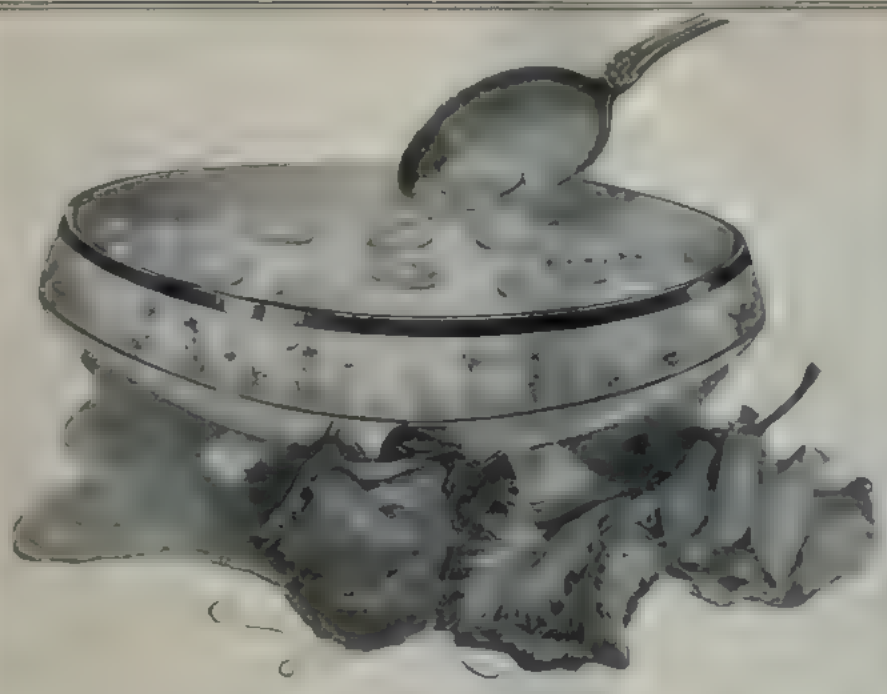

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Under the Canvas

Continued from page 264.

I held my book up in front of him and wrote, in as big and bold a hand as I could, "Mrs.——" But John said, "Come on!" and without a word his wife followed him out.

One morning a Russian gentleman came into the tent. He was travelling through. He at once became greatly excited over a weed. It seemed that he knew it, and had been making a special study of its history. He was so excited and spoke such broken English that I ran for the Professor, who was at breakfast. When they met, they had so many common interests that I did not see any more of either of them for some time. I think they were wandering around the grounds looking for weeds.

A civil engineer came in one day, and looked with languid interest at everything until we reached the engraved pictures of the University. He grew enthusiastic at once, begged for small copies, hung over them for a long time, and came again in the afternoon bringing a lady to see them. It seemed that they reminded him of the home land.

Many who contemplated going on the land came for all the information they could get, especially if they had never farmed. Many who came in told us with much pride that they had learned to farm from books and papers, and such people were always looking for something new. One thing that interested me very much was that the majority of those who had learned to farm from study and experimenting on their own lands, were helped and encouraged by their wives. It seemed that the women had been real partners, and as a result were scientific farmers, and homemakers. They seemed prosperous, spoke hopefully of the future, and everything seemed to be in the plural, both their business and pleasure. I think it must have been the result of the farmer reading about his work in the evenings and discussing it with his wife.

I will give an instance that will explain this. A couple were in the tent, middle aged, average-looking-farmers. The man said something about going on the grand stand. The wife promptly sat on the proposition. She said, "We can't afford it. You can look through the fence all right." The man appeared to yield, but I saw him sneaking into the grand stand alone later. I saw many such women objecting to taking in all the show, on the plea of expense. It looked as if the men wished "to do the thing right," as they called it, if they did it at all. On the other hand, the women

were quite satisfied to go half way and save money on the rest.

In the case of the farmers and their wives who did the work together, it seemed that they must have decided just how much they would spend, for they seemed to have their day planned. They knew just where they were going, and I think they did not miss much, but of course they may have had their own method of saving

The world is full of queer folks You find them among the show folks and among the people who go to see the shows, and among the people who stay at home and refuse to go to a show. You find good folks and kind folks in the show tents, in the frying tents, selling things, and performing fn the grand stand. Folks are much the same the world over. Paint and powder, gaudy dresses and gorgeous feathers, cover the one great drama of life in which we are all acting a part.

'Come right up and play the game ! Be a sport ! You'll like it ! You'll like it !"

The Baby

B. C. Warman

My soul! It seems but yestermorn
That you came singing unto me,
Soft as the south wind in the corn,
And waking nature's minstrelsy.
Wild birds above the droning bees
Were twittering in the Tuileries

We have this glory without sin
This glory and the joy of love
Blest morn an angel entered in
And left this cooing turtle dove.
With dimpled arms and pink-toed feet;
Our blue-eyed baby, Marguerite

Pray guard her well, when I, your lord,
But not your master, am away;
When peace is come I'll sheath my sword
Then back to you and yesterday
To sit beside you at the feet
Of our Dieu Donné, Marguerite

The youthful performers had been coached by the producer to preserve the old English pronunciation of the final "e" in words like "hedde" and "roote." This led, however, to a moment of embarrassment when a group of young women appeared on on the stage in the guise of shep herdesses, wearing kirtles

They were speaking of the long even inge in the part of the country wherein they were supposed to be, and one of them, in the most naive way, said

"These nighties are far too long."

"Blanc Mange"

Most Delicious of Summer Dishes

when served with cream or stewed fruits nothing quite equals the delicacy and cool delight of Blanc Mange. *Benson's Prepared Corn* is the purest and most satisfactory form in which this article can be procured. All good grocers sell it, and a most attractive recipe book of puddings, sauces, ice cream, etc., will be sent on request. Write

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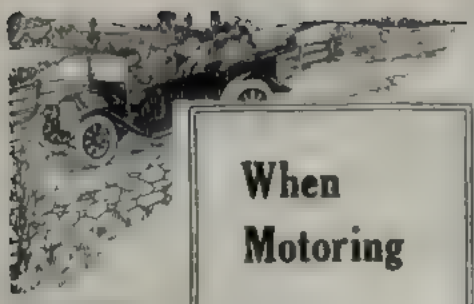

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slip a package of Ingersoll Cream Cheese in the luncheon basket

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A LOVELY BABY BOY

This Mother is quite Enthusiastic over a well Known Food.

Mrs. J. W. Pateman, 133 Boultbee Ave., Toronto, in writing about Neave's Food says "When I first knew one of my friends, her baby Jack was eight months old and dying by inches. She had tried three foods because her Jack could not digest milk. At last, I fetched her a tin of Neave's Food. At the end of a month, Jack was rapidly gaining flesh and was bright and happy. He is a lovely boy now and she declares Neave's Food saved his life. **And it did.**

Then I recommended it to a friend on Victoria Avenue. She had a baby 6 months old that was not thriving a bit. She put the baby on Neave's Food and at the end of three months, the baby was twice the size.

I have never seen two bigger, stronger boys than mine for their ages and we owe it all to Neave's Food. I have the utmost faith in Neave's Food."

Mothers and prospective mothers may obtain a free tin of Neave's Food and a valuable book "Hints About Baby" by writing Edwin Utley, 14 W Front St. East, Toronto, who is the Canadian agent. For sale by all druggists. 49

Mfrs. J. R. Neave & Co., England.

This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

"CROWDS"

THE man who wrote "Crowds"—
—have you read it?—is as great an optimist, as Schopenhauer is pessimist, and as the world seems to sway from one extreme to the other, it is but right to give him a hearing. Gerald Stanley, the author of "Crowds" is a Massachusetts man between fifty and sixty, and very much an American. By the way, we count optimism as an American virtue; that is to say, he is a live wire whose motto—have wires mottoes?—is Energy. Now, just as too much pessimism wearies and depresses, so too much vitality, virility, zeal, activity tires. You sometimes feel like thrusting these merry optimists out of your paddock and locking the gate upon them, only you should be careful to lock out the pessimist at the same time.

As for Truth—you can pick a great deal of it out of these two gospels, and make a quiet bromidial chain of it and then lie down to sleep.

EPIGRAMS

SOME of "Crowds" epigrams may hearten you for the day's work, though to tell the truth, we prefer swapping stories with the Man at the Cross-roads: For instance:—

"People crucified Christ because they were in a hurry."

And yet few writers make you feel more in a hurry than the author of the phrase.

"The only serious question we have to face about money, is the unimportance of the men who have it."

But, O my dear Mr. Optimist, how we envy them! How important we find this money problem when the time for a little trip comes round, or Christmas is near, or the August white sales harry the soul of the practical housewife. What do we care about the non-importance of those who have money? It is sadly important to us that we haven't any and never will have any with which to buy the cake and ice-cream of Life

With apologies:—

"The only really serious question we have to face to-day about money is that we haven't got it, and see no likelihood of our ever getting it."

Well, bread and scrape is healthy. But oh, you ice-cream!

FROM THE OTHER SIDE

NOT long since two learned Dutch doctors between them contrived a machine, to be worked electrically, which would admit any wandering spirit to its tiny chamber and permit him to write his impression of the world beyond this. One entered and wrote, with a sense of spirit humor which must make him delightful company in the Green Room behind the curtain which hangs before the Theatre of Life, a description of what spirits look like, feel, behave, and end up with. As to the latter, we may say that they wave nebulous arms and dissolve into the atmosphere, becoming a part of it. The spirit wrote as one having yearnings after this good old earth and its fleshpots, chorus girls, cold bottles, hot birds and other of the Plagues of Egypt, as in Cleopatra's days. So much for the Dutch doctors. In her book, over which the world is wagging tongues, Elsa Barker, a writer, poetess and lecturer of Los Angeles, gives the letters of a dead-living man, Judge Hatch, a corporation lawyer and Supreme Court Judge, a most philosophic and practical man who never during his life appeared to be in the least concerned with spiritualism or spirit messages.

One evening in Paris, Miss Barker felt a strange desire to sit down and

write. She did so, when some force seized the pen and caused her to write the strange matter which makes her book. It is indeed strange, and the reading gives one a forlorn sense of dismay and unhappiness.

For instance, Judge Hatch tells us that there is real life over there, active, actual human life where we eat, sleep, and wear clothes, but never work unless we want to work.

Why, you may ask, should this render one miserable or unhappy? Is not this the Heaven we would all wish—a world where you never grow fat but move with "the tenuous matter of the spirit," where you have but to "think clothes," and you will be dressed in any fashion you like, and no one will smile at you if you choose hoops and a spencer; where you will feel neither heat nor cold after the first few days, where you can get what you want instead of what you can afford, and where you can talk without moving your lips? Why should such a revelation leave you with a sense of unhappiness?

Because, good comrade, it is too good to be true. Because the thought of being able to live rent free, and have spring lamb and fresh strawberries in April, wear the latest Parisian clothes, do not have to bother about the last whirl in self-reducing corsets or, "Lillian Russell's Own Beautifiers," at so much per, is too exquisite a thought to be ever, anywhere realized. To have the chance of being a woman and beautiful, forever slender, and have any color hair you wish, and to be loved, and go through all the merry chase again, and tango without having your knees ache and grow stiff, and just think "Presto! Pedlar's Pack! Cheque, please!" To have all these delightful chances, then! Alas, that we cannot all die at once in a hurry and partake of these delights and let Nature populate as she will, this hard-driving, hard-working old earth of ours.

THE THORN BESIDE THE ROSE

BUT halt! As in everything that relates to poor humanity there is a fly in our ointment. Says the message from the living-dead man:—

"We can even live, in the world beyond, in a second-rate boarding-house. One of the inhabitants over here, who, by reason of her earth predilections, lives in such a house, complained bitterly because the food and service were worse than on earth."

We had not thought this possible Such knowledge deprives us of all our imagined heaven in a world beyond this. When we think of Mrs. A's prunes, a gluey, glistening, purple mess; of Mrs. B's lamb-chops which goat like would pursue each other

The Chef of Spotless Town is gay—
You'll note it by his saucy way.
He minces dressing for the birds,
But doesn't stop to mince his words.
"It saves a stew," says he, "to know
That pots demand

SAPOLIO

What will *thoroughly* clean kitchenware?

Soap removes the surface dirt nicely. But unfortunately, soap does not "grip" the greasy grime.

Another form of cleanser scrapes off the surface dirt but fails to get under the burnt-in grease.

To *thoroughly* clean kitchen ware you want a cleanser like Sapolio, which polishes the surface and, at the same time, *removes every trace of grease.*

Sapolio gives real suds. It works *without waste*

FREE SURPRISE FOR CHILDREN!

Dear Children:

We have a surprise for you. A toy Spotless Town—just like the real one, only smaller. It is 8¼ inches long. The nine (9) cunning people of Spotless Town, in colors, are ready to cut out and stand up. Sent free on request.

Enoch Morgan's Sons Company, *Sole Manufacturers*, New York City.

CHILDREN'S AILMENTS.

For the relief of the numerous simple and familiar ailments of Infants and young Children, esp[illegible]ally during the period of teething, there is not[illegible] to equal

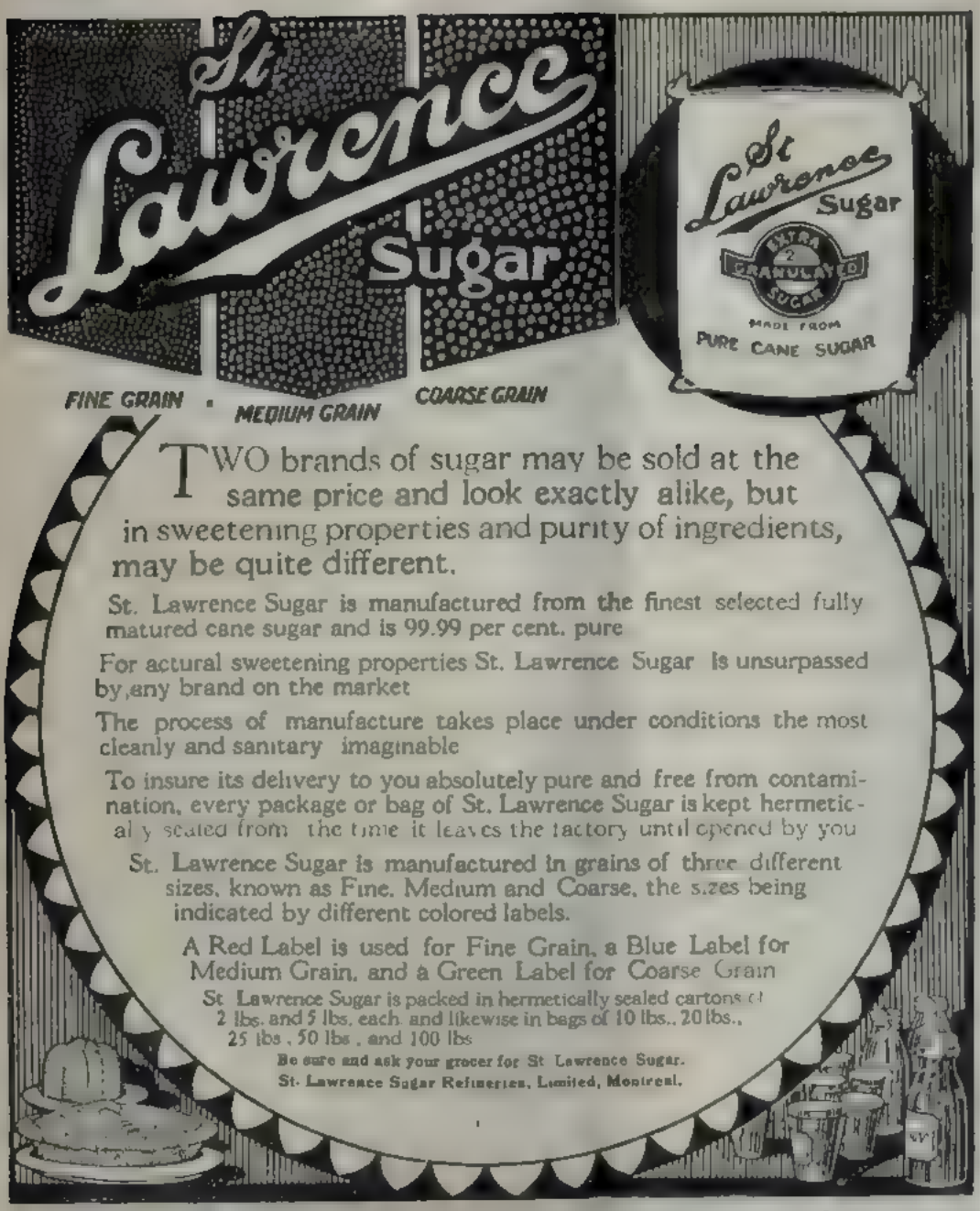
WOODWARD'S GRIPE WATER.

It relieves and prevents Convulsions, Griping, Acidity, Flatulency, Wind[illegible], &c., and has behind it

It contains

For a healthy [illegible] and keeps the whole [illegible]

Of any Druggists. Be sure it's WOODWARD'S.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Be sure and ask your grocer for St Lawrence Sugar.
St. Lawrence Sugar Refineries, Limited, Montreal.

Pick the Feathers Off

Honestly seems as though you could, when you're just a comfortable gun shot away—and you'll agree after you've shot over Mason Decoys, that Ducks, Snipe, Geese, Swan and Crows can't tell the difference either. We make mates and companions for all of them. Largest manufacturers in the world. Send for catalog. All sportsmen should have it

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MORE SONNETS OF AN OFFICE BOY

By S. E. KISER. PRICE, 75 CENTS.

VANDERHOOF-GUNN CO., Limited, · TORONTO, ONT.

around an arid expanse of plate; or the coffee-grounds served daily by Mrs. C. and ol Mrs. D's damnable beef hash being served in worse fashion than we know here below, we fall to lamenting our probable resting place in Nirvana, and allow that we are very comfortable where we are, thank you.

THE GRAVER SIDE

BUT lest you think we speak too lightly of such grave matters, let us take for a moment the more serious view and profit by a word of advice from a "far countrie" indeed:—

"The object of life," proclaims the alleged visitant from another world, 'is life . . . It is useless to say, 'If I had my life to live over again,' for no man has any particular life to live over again. Every man has his next life to prepare for. You should get away from the mental habit of regarding your present life as the only one; get rid of the idea that the life you expect to lead on this side, after your death, is to be an endless existence in one state. You could no more endure such an endless existence in the subtle manner of the inner world than you could endure to live forever in the gross matter in which you are now encased. You would weary of it. You could not support it. There is a perpetual law of rhythm, action and reaction, flux and reflux in life and after life. The atheist who denies that there is a life after death may, by his will, continue to exist in the after life for ages in a sort of cataleptic condition while other spirits pass and repass and are born again until their cycle is complete."

This, as you will see, is a sort of Theosophistical Swedenborgianism, if you will pardon the long words. According to our ghostly authority, we die in spirit land as we die here. The old fellow of the skull and cross-bones waves his banner there as here. As we mortals take on immortality, so do we as immortals take on mortality again, and nestle against the bosom of a human mother. The spirit goes out and the earthly body dies. It comes back and an earthly life begins. Our hells "over there" are self-made, just as they are here. The way to realize the spiritual life, is to begin to live it now, Think, meditate, let your imagination soar. Drop everything occasionally that binds the soul too closely to earth. Take time to loaf.

This is the sum-up of these remarkable alleged letters from another world. But the last message is wisdom itself: "Live," says Judge Hatch, or rather his spirit, "Live as long as you can; but when you must die, let go."

In her letter to her publishers, Elsa Barker says: "I give you my personal assurance unqualified by any reserva-

tion whatever, that the experiences recorded in this book occurred precisely as I have explained in the introduction." Miss Barker is neither hysterical nor neurotic. Judge Hatch was a business man. Miss Barker alleges that the Judge seized her hand with the pen in it and wrote. Mr. Stead believed in the "Letters From Julia." What do you think?

THE HEATHEN CHINEE

ONE time in a checkered life, the Pedlar made a speech, or gave an improvised lecture, rather. He does not remember one word of what he said, for his knees were trembling under him with fright, and he wore a fixed and idiotic grin upon his visage. But he was greatly concerned to see a number of clerics, "Ralph Connor" we think was among them, rise and stalk offendedly out. Next day, the newspapers recorded his sin. He had, in a moment of truthfulness, said what he thought in regard to missions to the heathen—and he thought a good deal. We are delighted to find the excellent Mr. Wu, one time Chinese Minister to Washington, bearing out our views in his subtle and fascinating book about the Western World, especially the American Continent.

Mr. or rather Dr. Wu has an ideal Chinese face. That is, a grim and square mouth and jaw, and the usual lofty cheek bones. But his eyes are wells of humor. It was once our honorable joy and privilege to meet him, and we found it difficult not to fall in love with the most inquisitive, satirical, humorous and intellectual man who it was ever our luck to converse with.

In his book, Dr. Wu Ting-fang (L.L. D.) lays emphasis, recurrent emphasis, upon our moral and religious deficiencies. He suggests in all seriousness that "Asia will have to civilize the West over again." That was the point the Pedlar made in his discourse; i.e., that it was rather impertinent in us to assume that age-old religions and philosophies were all wrong because they did not conform to Christianity, which beside them is modern. One almost involuntarily smiles when we hear the mission to the "Heathen" Chinese discussed. Dr. Wu' gives a few good natured thrusts at us, as in the following:—

"In China we do not expend as much energy as Americans and Europeans in trying to make other people good. We try to be good ourselves and believe that good example, like a pure fragrance, will influence others to be likewise."

Again, in his chapter on "Women" this brilliant "heathen," points out that the manner in which a son treats his parents in this country is diametrically opposed to the Chinese doctrine, handed down from time immemorial. He remarks:

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THE UNIVERSAL CAR

If you want the safest car you want the Ford. Its Vanadium steel construction—its design and perfect balance make it the strongest and lightest car on the market. Its planetary transmission makes it the safest and easiest to control. The Ford is the "Safety First" car.

Runabout $600. Touring Car $650. Town Car $900—f. o. b. Ford, Ontario. Complete with equipment. Any branch Manager, or from Ford Motor Co., Ltd., Ford, Ont., Canada

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Parowax

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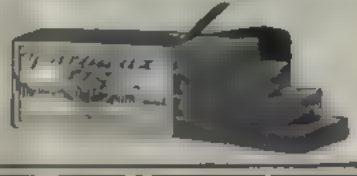

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We ship on approval to any address in Canada without any deposit and allow 10 DAYS TRIAL. If it will not cost you a cent if you are not satisfied after using bicycle 10 days.

DO NOT BUY a bicycle, pair of tires, lamp, or sundries at any price until you receive our latest 1914 illustrated catalogue and have learned our special prices and attractive proposition.

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Salesmen Wanted

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"'Honor thy father and thy mother,' is an injunction of Moses which all Christians profess to observe, but which, or so it appears to a Confucianist, all equally forget. The Confucian creed lays it down as the essential duty of children that they shall not only honor and obey their parents, but that they are in duty bound to support them. The view of this question taken in America seems to be very strange to me. Once I heard a young American argue in this way. He said, gravely and seriously, that as he was brought into this world by his parents without his consent, it was their duty to rear him in a proper way, but that it was no part of his duty to support them. I was very much astounded at this statement. In China such a son would be despised, and if he neglected to maintain his parents he would be punished. . . . .

"From personal observation I have formed the opinion that the Chinese are more contented than the Americans, and on the whole happier . . . . . In China, no man is without friends, or if he is, it is his own fault

Your religion has apparently little influence on Western civilization; it is the corner-stone of society in all Asiatic civilizations."

THE CARDINAL PRINCIPLES OF CONFUCIUS

Honesty is the best policy.
Honor thy father and thy mother.
Universal brotherhood
Love of mankind.
Charity to all.
Purity in thought and action.
Pure food makes a pure body.
Happiness consists of health and a pure conscience.
Live and let live.
Respect a man for his virtues, not for his money or position.
Fiat justitia, ruat coelum.
Bear no malice against anyone.
Be equitable and just to all men.
Liberty and freedom, but not license.
Do not unto others what ye would not that others should do unto you.

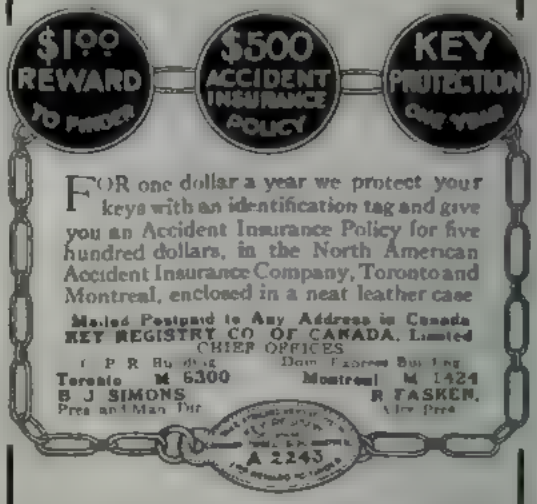
Do you not think that people following such a creed and commandments as the above can very well do without our missions and preachers? It seems to us much the same teaching as our Saviour gave unto us. Are we Christians so very free of beam or mote in our own eye that we can afford to discern either in the eye of our brother? Have we forgotten Tiddartha? The Light of Asia? or is it our enormous vanity in the color of our skin that authorizes our very superior airs?

CIRCUS DAY

IT is a day in August and the circus is in our town. You know what circus day in a small town means? The early arrival of the trains, the unloading of the wagons, the magical growth of the encampment, the street parade, the tremendous crowds of curious country people, the garish show itself, the pulling down at night and the hurried departure for the next town. Like us, you have seen this picture, and like us and the small boy you have gorged yourself on circus. Our circus stopped with us for two days, and we went four times. Our ears yet ring with the sound of brass instruments. We dreamt only last night of riding round the ring balanced on our corniest toe on the fat back of a prancing white horse. We have felt ourselves turning back somersaults in mid-air in our sleep, and once we awoke from a nightmare in which we saw ourselves as the Fat Lady and the Bearded Dame in one. We yet smell the animals and hear the purring roar of the lions, and the shrilling of the monkeys who are so very like friends

SAFETY FIRST

IS MOST ESSENTIAL and this bona-fide offer is worthy of your consideration.



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Accidents happen any minute—Send your dollar now with name, address and occupation.

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You can make good money acting as our representative in your district. We will be exhibiting our 7 different makes of

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VACUUM CLEANERS

at Toronto Exhibition; beneath Grand Stand, West entrance. Look us up and discuss the proposition with us, or write now for particulars.

Clements Manufacturing Co., Limited
74 Duchess Street, Toronto.

of ours in appearance. We enjoyed all the fun when quite in the midst of it we remembered the work, and set about interviewing the largest of the elephants.

He was a satirical chap and a leisurely, owing to his having his trunk packed and ready to move at any moment. But he had a business aptitude that was amazing and from him we learned that what was to old people, pedlars, children and the like a day of gaiety and pleasure, meant the culmination of a long, careful, toilsome and costly preparation to his owners and employers. Pedlars, who are tramps of the world, know all the languages of man, beast, bird and insect, but you, who have no need to cry your wares in the deaf ears of a world, could not be expected to understand the conversation of an elephant.

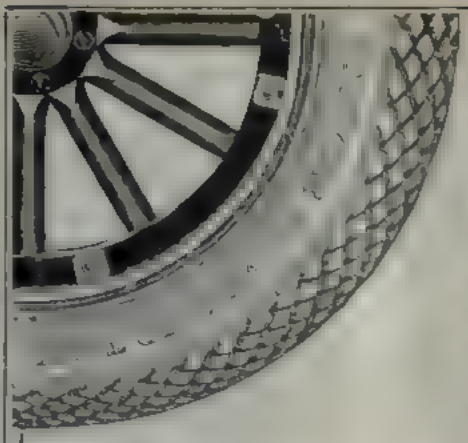
WHAT CIRCUS DAY COSTS

TAKING for granted a large and well known caravansarai, such as that to which our elephant, Old Phoenix, belongs, to get ready for circus day has been the work of many months. A score of agents, each an expert in his particular field have had their attention and talents employed in it. It has cost thousands of dollars in transportation preparation, lot and license. Then there are the billboard men, the press agent, who fixes up newspaper advertising contracts, the advance agents who arrange for the show to appear in certain towns along the ordained route, the route riders who inspect the bill posters' work, the supply agents foraging for the commissary department, the layers-out who fix lot, route of procession, train tracks, the water supply and the feed for the aimals. These compose the advance department of which the outsider who goes to see the fun never hears.

There are then concessions to the newspapers, dead heads, the gamble on the weather, the temper of the players and the animals and the probable gains or losses to take into account. We heard a man grouch, as he felt about in his pocket for a coin: "These here circuses charge too much; the seats is uncomfortable, an' I never seen much to brag on when I got in the tent."

Out upon such curmudgeons!

"What d'ye think we lost last year on the two days spent in this here very town?" asked old Phoenix through his cockney keeper—"W'y, we wos hout twelve thousand dollars, all 'cause we struck two stormy d'ys, one with the thunder a-growlin' an' the lightnin' a-flashing all d'y, and the next with the rain a-powerin' down. Didn't we, Old Sox?" And the Phoenix squealed with joy when the little



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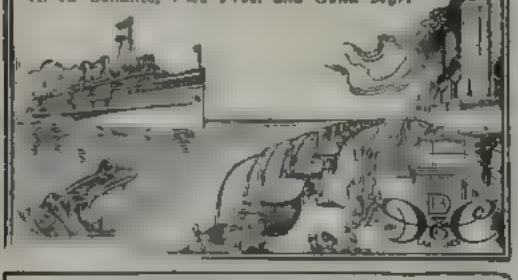

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man poked between his giant ribs or where his giant ribs might be supposed to be.

GOLDEN DAYS

I HEAR, on the other side of the hill, the climbing feet of Autumn. Already she has passed through the lowlands, touching all growing things lightly with her staff of crimson and gold. Soon she will appear on the summit, her brows vine-bound, her raiment of purple and orange and flame. Presently too, lying awake in the night, we will hear the plaintive notes of the birds passing from one summerland to another just as yesternight we heard them coming to our northern woods to set up house and bring forth their tiny birdlings. Autumn is beginning to gather her threads for the looming. What fabrics she will weave, shot with scarlet and edged with purple. What veils of amethyst and silver, what shimmering mantles of gold and scarlet and the rich orange that flares amid the green. The crickets are chirping merrily, the tree toad still sings his little song, but the pond frogs are growing silent. The dust of hot summer lies thick on roadside bush and grass. The world looks a little tired as if it had been holidaying too much and wanted rest. The prelude to the most exquisite time of all the Canadian year is being sung by the little grasshoppers and crickets and musical insects of the night. The white flowers in the garden send up their most delicate odors to our eyrie near the top of the old pear tree bending under its weight of russet fruit. Down there you can see strange white winged things speeding among the roses of Sharon. The divine opera of autumn is about to commence. Nature, at rest, is already seated in the stall waiting for the gorgeous opening scenes of gold and scarlet, of diaphanous drapery and amethyst mist. The scenery is set. The crickets are tuning up and the ballet of those twisting, flying gray things of the night, will begin in a moment. For the Queen of the Canadian seasons is here. Do you not hear the fanfare of the fairy drums from the other side of the hill?

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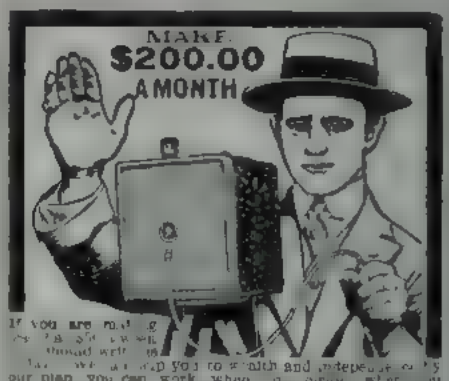

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At Fort Despair

Continued from page 265.

pered and reckoned you had lost the wine of life by being an outcast from the white lights, you had instead been handed a gift that you could never repay—the peace of the northland.

We ran inshore to a little cave early one night, and having baked our bannock and eaten with a zest unknown to him who confronts seven courses and dyspepsia, we sat smoking by the fire beneath the pines. Far above our heads swooped and rustled the long triangular squadrons of the geese flying south for their winter haunts in the bayous and marshes by the gulf. Their plaintive "honk-honk" drifted down to us—the warning to the dwellers of the northland that the big snows would soon be upon us.

Old Phil was in a talkative mood, most uncommon thing with him and his kind, for the silence of the barrens seems to enter the very souls of these

men of the wood and water trails.

I had been trying in my stilted way to tell him something of the roar and rush of the cities that lay away to the south and east, for he had never been further south than Edmonton; and I described the crowds, the endless stream of waxen, corpse-like faces beneath the sizzling lights, the feeling that you are passing a procession of spooks when you drift in, browned and wind tanned, from the open places of the earth.

The stories that may be read in the faces on the streets had always been a pet theme of mine, and I was explaining laboriously to Phil how I used to try to deduct from their appearance the life of this man, that woman, forming fantastic comedies and tragedies from the faces of the passers-by.

"Sure, that would be mighty interestin'," grunted Phil, stooping to light his pipe with a glowing stick plucked from the fire. "But how often would you strike truth in your idea. There seems, even to me, who has never in all my sixty years been out of the North-West, so much in the doin's o' men and women that ye could never set a safe trail on.

"You may think an' think, and yet you can't figure out the facts as they may really be.

"I could tell you of such a story, a happening of three years back, when a woman and two men were mixed up—folks that was never, by the grace o' God, meant to go far from the electric lights an' the steam heated places where they bunk on top o' each other, thicker than we do in the hotels at the Landing when we wait for the river to open up in spring.

"Two men an' a woman! What was it that ye called that a little ago? I've got it,—the eternal—tangle—triangle

"It was in the late fall and I was lying over at Fort Wrigley, on the Mackenzie River. I had just come back from the country around the Horn Mountains, where for three months I'd been nussin' a party of geologists.

"Just after they went the big man, Travers, came up the river along with Tom Seven Persons, the breed from Fort Chipewyan. Tom was wanting to head back to his trapping grounds, and as I was sort o' living easy I hired out to pilot the big man north and east to Great Bear Lake.

"'Twas near to the first snows,—later on in the fall than it is now—when he and I started down the river for Fort Norman. You know, Jim, that I ain't a man that you'd call talkative most o' the time, but that man Travers was silence itself. He was thinkin', thinkin,' all the time; you'd speak to him but his mind was—

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God knew where. We paddled away, day after day, northwards past the Blackwater River where to the east you could faintly see Mount Bompas, and on past the mouth of Gravel River to Fort Norman.

"We got to the lake and I pushed on quick as I could across Keith Bay, the southermost arm of Great Bear Lake, to Fort Despair, the old H.B.C. place; an' say, the very name was too good for that bleak, wind-swept post.

"Do you remember one Mackay, the squaw man who used to be factor for the Company at Trois Loups? Well, here was Mackay at Fort Despair, an' if he used to drink at Trois Loups he was fairly embalming his soul-case up at Despair! We was fixed up there for the winter anyhow, for we could have got no dogs to get out. It was up to Travers anyway, and he seemed to have plenty of money. Somehow he hit it up good with old Mackay, and they certainly made some hole in the rum kegs. Never an Indian came near the fort. God knows what Mackay had done to them, and the only other human being around the place was Zenoni, an old half-mad Eyetalian who had drifted in from Heaven knew where. He was as crazy as a bull caribou at mating time, and he'd sit by the stove for days on end mutterin' an' gruntin' to himself and playing on a flute contraption that he had. He was wonderful similar to the big fellow, for he'd play over and over a tune that he called Humoresque; but I never could see anything funny about it, the way he played it.

"Anyway the time passed somehow until one day in February, when the other man came in with a dog team and old Jerome, the trapper from Chipewyan, as guide.

"I could see then that Travers had sort of expected him all the time, and, for a wonder, he was medium sober, for the hootch was giving out about then.

"He and the other man went out behind the fort, an' the newcomer had nothing common to the north any more than had Travers; you could see it by the way he used his snowshoes. Old Zenoni was away on one of his wanderin' fits, and I sat by the stove and smoked while Jerome toppled into a bunk and went to sleep like a dog. The factor didn't count in a social sense. By'n'by the two men came back, and Travers asked me in his polite way if I'd put on my parka and come along to see fair play in a fight between him and the other man.

"Of course I thought he meant fists, and I started joshin' him about their boxing gloves, for it was thirty below, and getting colder. It was nearly three o'clock. Up there it is

dark by four, in the winter. First Travers wrote something on a piece of paper and put it in an envelope. I remember his big hands trembling as he raised the envelope to lick it—not so much the cold as the rum, I guess!

"Anyhow we left the factor drooling and gibbering over a pannikin o' hot rum, and went out. We headed across the barrens towards the woods to the west. Right there, by the edge of the woods, was a moose-pit, where the moose had stamped down the snow in a hollow till it was hard as a rock—an ideal place for a scrap.

"Then it was that they told me that they were to fight with knives, like Dagos; and I guess I must have been sort of loony with the lonesomeness for I never even tried to tell them they was fools. The picnic commenced by Travers giving me a revolver, telling me to wait on the edge of the moose-pit and to shoot either of them that played dirty in the scrap.

"They took off their snow shoes and stood up in their moccasins, fine big men both of them. The stranger took out two mean looking knives, for he'd never have had a chance in a gun fight; his eyes were all bleared and black with frost bite an' snow blind-

"They tied the knives to their mittened hands with strips of rawhide. I couldn't understand why at the time, but last year Scotty, at the Landing, told me that the Mexicans fight that way, so that if the tendon is slashed you don't drop the knife.

"Round they went, guarding, feinting and meeting the cuts on their left forearm, and the footing was none too good only the moccasins held well on the packed snow. Once Travers cut hard, slipped and fell, and the other man jumped in, but I yelled and pulled out the gun from inside my parka so he stood back and let the big man get up.

"They'd grapple an' clinch, grabbing at one another's knife hand, then stand off for a minute, for all the world like a pair of bull moose fighting. Then they'd go at it again, circling and striking, closing in and jumping back, and all the while me standing like the umpire at a ball game. Gee! but it was the craziest fight you ever saw, Jim.

"The dark had dropped down like a curtain, and I was wondering when they'd quit when I heard voices coming across the barren towards the woods, and the shrill yelp of huskies

"Travers, in dodging, got a ripping cut in the thick of his knife arm, and they went at it quieter and more mad-like than ever. That was the queerest scrap I ever saw; me on the edge of the moose-pit, the two swaying, striking men in the half darkness, and beyond them the gloom of the pines standing out in the deathly cold The voices came nearer, but the fighters never noticed; guess you can't think on two things at once when you're fighting like they were

All at once Travers over-reached in a swinging stab, half slipped and the stranger rushed in, had him by the wrist and drove down hard over his left shoulder. The full weight of him was behind the stab, and, big as Travers was, he staggered back, dropped on his knees and then got up and swayed forwards at the other fellow But his knees sagged as he bent over like a tree and rolled over on his face on the floor of the moose-pit

Then it was that I noticed the woman in the gloom on the other side of the hollow, all dressed in fu with a short skirt an' snowsh

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"She saw Travers go down, and her voice shrieked out 'Harry! Harry!'—then she was down and across to him as he lay there like a hamstrung coyote

"The other man saw her, stiffened up, and walked across out of the hollow to where Zenoni stood by an Indian and a dog team by which she'd come to the fort.

"Gee, I can see it all yet, unreal like a lake shore through mist, the woman kneeling beside Travers, nussin' his head on her knees, crying and crooning pitiful kind-like an Indian squaw over a dead kid. And to make the whole thing more unreal, that crazed Dago sits down on the edge of the sleigh and fishes out his flute, playin' that weird tune o' his until his fingers stiffened.

"Then I came back to life and ran down to Travers, for he was my boss in a way, and though he looked mighty sick I reckoned he wasn't all in just then.

"We got him on the sleigh and back to the Fort—and then the balance o' the booze came in handy for him. The woman met the other man just beyond the fort, and, Lord, the names she called him! He and old Jerome hitched up and pulled out to the old log hut that stood across on the other side of the bay. That was the last I saw of him, for next day they went away west, headed for Fort Norman, I guess.

"The woman and I pulled Travers back to life, for he'd plenty strength to make out on, but what she was to him I could never figure. They were mighty careful in anything they said in front of any of us. When he got well enough to travel Travers bought a dog team from a gang of Stonies that came along and we headed for Fort Norman. There she stayed with the factor's wife until the river opened, when they went south.

"I'd reckoned never to see any of them again, Jim, but you remember last spring when I came down to Edmonton to meet you before we went out to the Peace country? Well I saw her there, sitting in one of them there automobiles, all dressed up in the gladdest rags you ever saw. She was sittin' waiting outside a big store, and a man came hurrying out and got in beside her.

I stood back—she'd never have known me for my whiskers was trimmed—and I had a good pike at them both. And, say, the fellow she was with was neither Travers nor the other man, but a little flour-faced son-of-a-gun that couldn't have toted a pack in fifty years.

"That was what made me think on the story, you talkin' about the faces on the street.

"What was she? I often wonder-

ed: that she'd dog team up to that God forgotten place for a man's sake, nuss him back to life and take him back to the outside—and then have another fellow along with her on the seat of a gas wagon! Coyotes is mean critters—listen to that fellow yellin' now—but, durn me, I think they're easier to understand than some o' the things that a woman'll do."

That Promise to Pa

Continued from page 262

Amelia believed that It had spoken her name.

"What—what—is it, Pa?" she questioned in a gasping whisper.

"It—it—was—was me, Amely."

"Crack! Cra—ck!"

At the head of the bed, the side, the head again, "Crack! Cra—ck!" relentlessly fell the raps, fell till the very marrow froze within the two trembling women.

Amelia moved closer to her mother.

"It's Pa," she whispered. She raised her voice, "It—is it you, Pa?"

"Crack! Cra—ch!" came the answer against the head board, each rap falling like the crack of a thousand whips.

"Ma!"

"Amely!"

Gasping in terror, their hearts almost bursting from their trembling bodies, they huddled together for what seemed to be hours, while the raps fell thick and fast, hurling themselves with fierce impact against the bed.

Mortal flesh has its limit of endurance. In the first lull Mrs. Elliot sat bolt upright, put her shaky hands over her night-capped ears.

"I promise," she said hoarsely. "Amely shall go to college—next fall—this very comin' September. I promise, Hiram."

But It was not appeased. Again—again—again came the terrific raps.

"Perhaps—perhaps—it may be—God, Ma. You—you broke your promise to Pa once."

Mrs. Elliot's almost palsied tongue gave solemn utterance:

"I promise You, God. Amely shall go to college—next fall—an' stay four years."

They waited, scarce breathing.

Silence followed.

Shaking as if with ague Mrs. Elliot climbed out of bed and turned the drafts on the stove. Then she lit the lamp, wrapped herself in a comforter and seated herself in the high rocker. Amelia crept out after her. Soon the stove was red hot, its heat and cheerful glow thawing out the congealed blood in their veins.

They sat for two hours before the fire, talking in hushed voices. Amelia's four years of college life were mapped out; her wardrobe, her studies, her manner of living discussed. Mrs. Elliot led the conversation, keeping carefully away from any reference as to what had caused her change of front. Amelia knew that her mother would never acknowledge, even to her, that she had been forced to accede to her wishes.

The drafts of the stove were kept open when they again climbed into bed. Amelia knelt reverently this time, praying with all the fervor of one whose long-deferred and seemingly hopeless wish has been miraculously fulfilled.

They slept later than usual. There was a subdued look in Mrs. Elliot's eyes as she got breakfast. It was a night not to be lightly forgotten; no tragedy of their lives, either before or after, ever equalled that particular night of horror.

After their house work was done up for the morning, they went across the street to Mrs. Elliot's father. The old folks listened in astonishment to

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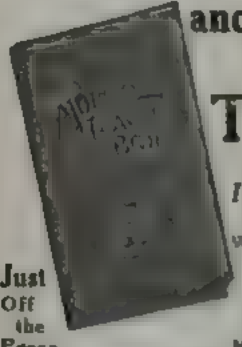

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Mrs. Elliot's announcement that Amelia was to go to college the following September

The old lady stared at her daughter and her grand-daughter, scarce believing.

"Well, I do declare! Amely really goin' to college! An' you said only yesterday, Marthy, that you never would let her. It seems mighty foolish to me. An' you allus said you didn't promise Hiram."

"So! So!" ejaculated the old man. "Little Amely's gettin' her way after all. What's come over you, Marthy?"

Mrs. Elliot reddened uncomfortably.

"Our pump's froze solid," she said hastily. "It's the first it's done that since we had it put in the kitchen."

"'Tain't surprisin'. My! but wa'n't it cold last night. 'Twas the first time in fifty year I heard the house crack. Jest as soon as the fire died down the cracks begun, and kept up till the house cooled off. It's a powerful cold spell when the boards bang like shots pourin' out a cannon."

Amelia's eyes, wide-open, startled, despairing, met her mother's. The girl's heart stood still. Mrs. Elliot's look of relief, elation, triumph, told her the truth before the words came.

"Don't say anything 'bout Amely's goin' to college. Somethin' might happen, an' 'tain't allus pleasant explaining afterwards."

When they reached the house Amelia turned upon her.

"You promised," she cried sternly. "You promised."

"It wasn't your Pa," replied Mrs. Elliot calmly, but her eyes did not meet Amelia's.

"But it *was* God," said the girl solemnly, "*and you promised God*."

Mrs. Elliot went into the next room. Amelia fell stiffly to a chair and dropped her head to her hands. Mrs. Elliot's step sounded beside her again.

"No matter what it was or wasn't, I guess I promised that you could go to college, Amely. I don't approve of it, an' I never did an' never will, but I ain't never broke a promise yet when I *did* promise, an' I won't begin now."

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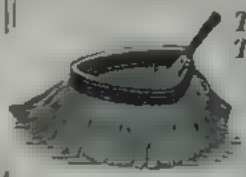

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On Account of Joe Hooligan's Jug

Continued from page 252

dangled to the floor. As the tinker knelt staring, fascinated, at the motionless apparition, there grew out of and above the creaking and trembling of the timbers the g-r-ind, g-r-ind of huge millstones and the hoarse, sullen ker-runk, ker-runk of the ponderous wheel.

"What's that?" Bill gasped. "It sounds like a mill-wheel. Oh, millia murdher! I must be in Chartre's Mill!"

At the sound of a human voice, the phantom miller, as if imploring, slowly raised its leaden hands to the noose on its neck. That gesture froze the heart of the tinker. He would have fainted from sheer fright, but at that moment every sense of the man was electrified once more into quivering alertness by a blaze of dazzling green light that swept through the mill, revealing each yawn-

ing crack and moldering strain of the old walls. It lasted but the fraction of a second; then followed immediately the blinding darkness. But the spectre had vanished with the blaze of light, and the mill was once more in its old deathlike silence.

As Bill knelt in the dark corner, anxiously measuring with his eyes the distance to the stair, every hair on his head stiffened, for up through the black opening in the floor there quivered a heavy, tired sigh. No need to tell the tinker what was on the stairs.

"It's the peddler," gasped the unfortunate, covering his face with his hands.

At last he ventured to look. There, sure enough, crouching on the floor in the patch of moonlight about twenty feet away, was a little, dark-faced, frightened-looking man, with an open pack of peddler's wares spread out before him. The spectre acted as though in great fear of pursuit, for, as it took a leather pouch out of its bosom, it kept turning apprehensive eyes over its shoulders to the dark stairway. Then the phantom seemed to listen intently for a moment, and Bill saw it lean forward and hide the pouch in a crevice between a great oaken beam and the wall.

At the sight of the purse Bill's interest in life returned. He feebly opened a pair of covetous eyes, and sat bolt upright.

"If I live through the terrible murdherin' I'm gettin' this night," he muttered, with chattering teeth, "that pouch'll belong to me the morrow."

At the thought of the greatness of the treasure a surge of strength returned to his limbs

"I must get out of here, though, before thim two sojers come up. They'll be here in a minute, and I'd hate turrible to meet thim on the stairs."

So saying, he started to crawl cautiously across the room. But he was not to escape so easily. The unlucky man got no farther than the patch of moonlight, when he paused transfixed at the baleful thing which glared at him from the stair-opening. Just above the floor, not ten feet distant peered two glittering, sinister eyes, surmounted by a soldier's tall cap. The tinker scuttled back, sideways like a crab, into the deepest shadow.

"Oh, what'll I do at all, at all!" he whispered. "I can't get out now, an' the peddler's goin' to be murdhered before me two very eyes; an' if I wait to see it, it's dead and spacheless I'll be walking home to Ballinderg in the [illegible]

While Bill was speaking, the spectre soldier had risen into full view and was beckoning covertly to some one below Instantly another soldier flashed into

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the room, standing beside the first. For a moment the pair hesitated, and then went crouching and gliding like two monstrous cats across the floor to their unconscious victim.

Bill braced himself, body and soul, for the ordeal; but when the first soldier drew his bayonet from its scabbard and lifted the glittering steel high above the peddler's stooping shoulders, flesh and blood could endure no more. Without waiting for the descending blade to strike, the tinker let a shriek out of his stiff lips that split the stillness of the summer night and sped quivering along the startled valley. Instantly the dry, mirthless laugh which had greeted his entrance to the mill echoed from the room below.

In two great leaps, Bill was at the head of the stairs; two others landed him at the foot. But, quick as he was, when he reached the bottom, the ghostly murderers were already there, waiting for him.

Then followed a heroic action, the dramatic recital of which earns for Bill, to this day, a hot supper and a comfortable bed in whatsoever house he cares to honor by his presence. Without stopping to think of the consequence, and governed by natural impulse only, the desperate man lunged a savage blow, first to the right, then to the left, at his shadowy adversaries. As might have been foreseen, his fists encountered no resistance.

His long arms waving around and around like flails, the tinker dashed wildly for the door; and then were proven true beyond all doubt the reports the country-side had often heard of the vengeful fury of the ghosts of the old mill. As the tinker poised for a last wild jump from the threshold to the ground, a bayonet was thrust right through his back between the shoulder blades, and Bill saw the gleaming point sticking out through his very breastbone. However, as it was a ghostly bayonet, he didn't even feel the blade, and before his feet touched the ground it had disappeared, leaving no mark upon his back or upon his chest.

Without heeding the distance or the direction, and hardly touching foot to the ground as he went, the fugitive raced the wind till he suddenly found himself back again at the very entrance to Michael Callahan's still. When he reached the big tree where he had sat a few hours before, the breathless man could go no farther, but, collapsing all at once, dropped like an empty potato-sack to the ground, and lay there unconscious.

The next thing the hunted tinker knew, his name, coupled with many fierce maledictions, was being shouted from somewhere in the distance. Opening his eyes, he saw that the sun

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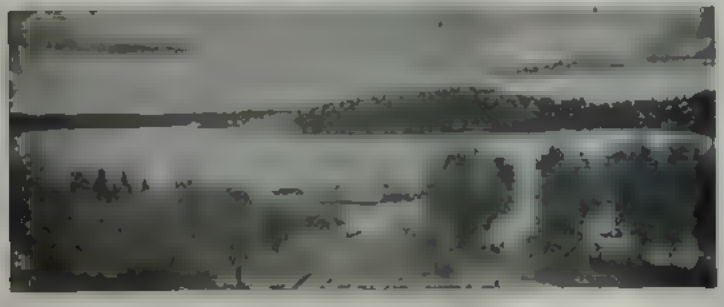

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was already an hour high, and with a shock of alarm, who should Bill see clambering frantically up the hill, and shouting and wildly gesticulating as he came, but savage-faced little Michael Callahan, the distiller.

But Bill was full of his story, and it was impossible to keep one's anger burning on top of the overpowering wonder of such news; and so it was a refreshing cup of inspiring mountain dew the haunted man received instead of a sore taste of Michael's knobby blackthorn stick. When the narrative was ended, the awe-stricken distiller said:

"We'll go together, Bill, me brave champeen, you and me, and we'll get that peddler's pouch of goold."

And that's how it came that at high noon, when the whole world was cheerful with warblings and trillings and twitterings, our two friends crept cautiously over the quiet threshold of Chartre's Mill, and tiptoed, wide-eyed and alert, across the broken floor. Step by step, they mounted the sagging steps, and, just as they reached the top, they both declared that some unseen thing brushed past them on its way down the stairs

Bill's finger trembled as he pointed to the beam by the window, behind which the peddler had hidden the pouch. At the same time Michael tightened his grip on the tinker's arm. Then the two, their hearts in their mouths, and silent themselves as ghosts, glided over to the window. They were bending down within arm's reach of the beam a full throbbing minute before Bill found courage enough to lift his hand. Then, slowly and painfully, as though he were putting it into boiling water, he reached forth his grimy fist.

Great drops of cold sweat glistened on the anxious brow of little Michael Callahan. The groping fingers of the tinker almost touched the beam, when the two men were electrified by a weird sound in the room below. It seemed to the petrified listeners like a harsh, mirthless, cackling laugh—the very sound Bill had heard the night before, as he entered the mill.

'Come away, Bill," whispered the distiller weakly; "lave it to thim. I wouldn't touch a farden of it. The money'd only bring us bad luck."

Although the tinker's teeth chattered he made bold answer: "By gar, luck or no luck, I'll not l'ave it to thim. I'll not go away without it." He thrust a hand desperately behind the beam. Marvelous to relate, there was not a sign of pouch or money.

"It's not here, Michael," Bill shouted excitedly, jumping to his feet; "they've taken it away."

As if in answer to his words, the strange mocking laugh broke out again

louder than ever, and ended in a dry, sardonic squawk.

The two men clutched each other and clung limply together. Again came the sound, only shriller and more indignant, and now grown strangely familiar.

"Cluck ! Cluck ! Cluck aw !"

It was the tinker who first gained courage enough to peer cautiously down through a hole in the floor, and then the eyes almost leaped out of his head. And no wonder ! Over in a corner of the room near the great wheel was a heap of brown leaves and rubbish, from the center of which protruded a slim black neck surmounted by a red comb. A trim little head was cocked defiantly to one side, and one round yellow eye stared unwinkingly up at Bill through the hole in the floor A yard away, in another heap of leaves, clucked a similar apparition

"Hould fast, Mike Callahan," Bill whispered, trembling with excitement "Be the bones of Pether White, I'm looking at the shupernatural ghosts of Mrs. Brady's two black Spanish hins !"

Michael looked long and searchingly into the yellow eyes, and then said, with warm conviction

"By vartue of me oath, Wullum, I doubt whether the rapscallions are ghosts at all, at all."

A moment later the two fortune-hunters emerged from the old mill Michael Callahan came first, carrying, gingerly, two hats filled with white eggs; Bothered Bill Donahue followed stepping high. Under each arm the tinker firmly held a flustered, expostulating witness to his innocence of the theft

In the gratifying chorus which greeted Bill's triumphant entry into the village we are sorry to chronicle two discordant notes: Narrow-minded Peter McCarthy pretended to believe that Bill on that eventful night had met with nothing worse than the cackle of Mrs. Brady's hens; while the plundered Mrs. Flannigan maintained that "the only spurrits the owdacious villian saw came out of my jug."

As for Bill, he bore no malice toward the two calumniators: his fame was

Unbelievable Girl

Continued from page 248

stances. I wonder whether she's had those arms around any other man's

He was sharply roused from pleasant reverie by a terrified call, "Help, Frank !" faint and muffled, coming from the direction of the camp, and sweeping the canoe frantically round the corner where he had gotten his first glimpse of her he saw something which struck him cold.

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The girl—his girl—even at that distance he could make out the dear, golden head,—was struggling in the grasp of two ruffians. Another stood to one side with a rifle in his hand.

A moment's frantic paddling brought him near enough to appreciate the situation. Two canoes, one a light birch bark, the other a large Peterborough, were drawn half way up on the landing

"It's some bad Indians," he thought, with an anxious tug at his heart, and he shot the canoe along like a racing motor boat. "Thank God, I got here when I did. But it looks as if I had my work cut out for me."

He heard the girl cry out as if in exquisite pain, but a twist in the hands of her captors gave her a sight of him and brought a joyful note

Then the Indians discovered him. The struggle stopped for a moment but after a word of parley the two again attempted to force her toward the canoe while the third ran down the shore brandishing the rifle as a sign to keep off

With a yell Van Ostrand rushed the canoe on regardless. The next moment a bullet pinged its way through the thin cedar sides just behind him. Another spent itself in the cushion under his knees.

"He'll get me next," he thought, as a stream of water spurted in the hole. Then as the Indian's eyes came up for a glance as to the result of the shots the paddler gave vent to a terrible yell which had even a tone of joy in it

"Put down that gun, Big Eye," he shouted. "Don't you know me?"

The words, or perhaps rather the voice, had an instant effect. Almost as if struck with a bullet the Indian dropped the gun, ran for the birch canoe and rapidly paddled off.

A few more strokes brought Van Ostrand to the landing and grabbing up the gun he rushed toward the struggling group. One half-breed had the girl in his arms while the second was attempting to bind her hands with a length of guy rope from one of the tents. She was struggling, almost crazed with fear, and so effectually as to prevent the immediate accomplishment of their purpose. The second breed turned menacingly as the newcomer approached and drew a knife. The other also let go of the girl and turned to face him

Van Ostrand raised the gun. "Get out of here, you brutes," he growled, "or I'll blow you——"

"Not so fas'," broke in the second, a huge fellow with a long, deep scar across one cheek, and pointing to the rifle, "she's emptee, no good. Git off yoursel'."

Foiled in his bluff, the surveyor

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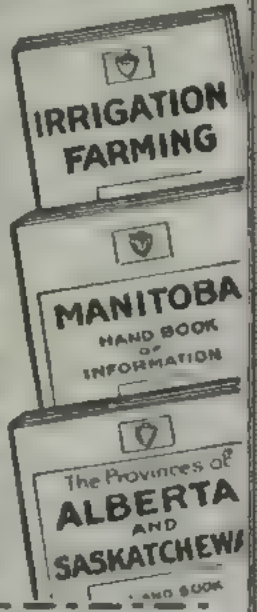

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AGENTS

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Ask for agents terms, sample proposition.

THE AMBREW CO. Dept. 1508 CINCINNATI, OHIO.

menaced them with the gun clubbed, but the big fellow laughed.

"Eef he hit me, you steek heem, Sharlee," he grunted. "That fix him an' we git girl."

Van Ostrand was surprised at their resistance till the odor of whiskey from their breath reached him. This accounted for their unusual persistence For a moment he stood his ground, thinking swiftly. The girl had slipped away, and suddenly he heard from behind him a quick report. A bullet whirred over his head and a familiar voice, low and anxious but steady, said:

"Get back to your canoe. This one is loaded. Take it, Frank," and glancing round quickly he saw the girl coming up behind him and with a steady arm holding in firing position a small automatic revolver. The breeds sullenly gave way before her, and, taking the gun from her, Van Ostrand followed them down to the shore.

Sending a couple of bullets over their heads by way of menace he shouted: "Get off now, and if you come within ten miles of here again I'll riddle you." He watched the two canoes out of sight and then turned back to the camp.

The girl was standing where he had left her, sobbing deeply, overcome with nervous reaction. Without a word or a thought, it seemed, she came and laid her head on his shoulder, snuggling close as if for protection while his arm went round her

"I was afraid they'd shoot you in your canoe," she sobbed. "Charlie and that horrid brute pulled me out of the tent just before you came in sight. How did you scare off the Indian with the gun ?"

"Big Eye ?" he answered, smiling at the memory of that feature of the fracas. "Oh, I kicked him out of my camp last fall and as soon as he got a good look he remembered me. I'd have had the other two off just as easily if they hadn't been drinking. That accounts for the whole trouble. Then, anxiously, "the brutes didn't hurt you much, I hope."

With the assurance of his presence the sobbing quickly subsided and after a moment or two, with a lift of the face from his shoulder and a telltale glance into his eyes while her face was flooded with rosy color, "No, but—you won't go away from me again ?"

"Dear," said Van Ostrand, with joy in his voice, thinking his dreams of the morning were to be realized, and drawing his arm closer about her, "I won't ever——"

The gatling-like exhaust of a high-powered motor boat coming suddenly against the wind from the east inconsiderately interrupted the speech and the two drew hastily apart as a launch carrying three or four men and an anxious-looking young woman shot round the point and up to the landing.

In a moment the girl was in another pair of arms while Van Ostrand stood off rather discountenanced.

"Oh Peggy," the mother articulated, between sobs of joy. "You're safe, and my baby ?"

"He's been asleep in the tent for two hours," said the girl, now quite master of herself but with a high color

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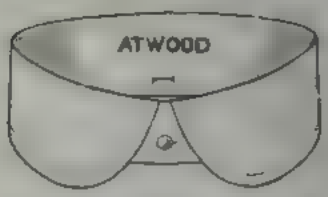
ROOFING

represents the responsibility of the three biggest mills in the roofing industry—when it guarantees you fifteen years of service *on the roof* in *Certain-teed*. Look for this guarantee label on every roll or crate.

Your dealer can furnish *Certain-teed* Roofing in rolls and shingles—made by the General Roofing Mfg. Co., *world's largest roofing manufacturers*, East St. Louis, Ill., Marseilles, Ill., York, Pa

E&W RED MAN



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Size card sent to any address.

Correspondence solicited.

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Every mansion or cottage has need for a lightweight

"PEERLESS" FOLDING TABLE—

The convenience and service of these practical and beautiful tables can best be appreciated by their use [illegible] for games, for sewing, reading or writing. For house, verandah or lawn. **Lightweight Peerless Folding Tables** are noted for their great strength and durability. The steel automatic braces prevent wobbling. Absolutely rigid when set up. Can be folded in a moment and set aside. No home should be without one.

Made in various sizes, round and square—green felt, leatherette or polished natural wood top. A table for every purpose.

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and looking in spite of a sense of relief as if the arrivals were none too welcome. "Whatever happened to you?"

Van Ostrand's turn came in a few minutes when with merely a slight blush the girl introduced her "good angel." He had already shaken hands with Ferguson, the factor of the Post, whom he had met before.

"Those two got to us yesterday," Ferguson explained, "in pretty bad shape. Been wandering round in Little Horse lake for two days looking for the right portage and were short of grub. We started back here right away but the duffer had gotten so mixed up he couldn't tell us whether his island was east or west. We've been covering the shore of the lower lake all night and came up here on spec. The girl was mighty lucky to have you light in on her. I'll wager though," with a look toward the tents where the two women had disappeared, "you didn't find the time hang heavy."

Luck, or the management of the mother, who, perhaps naturally, seemed to want all her family to herself after the trying, if brief, separation, placed Van Ostrand apart from the girl in the launch, when after the camp had been abandoned, an hour or so later, the party started back for the Post. She smiled across at him several times in an appealing sort of way, and once or twice quieted the babe's mother's comments on her story of the three days on the island. He tried not to listen but occasional phrases came to him at intervals and once the words: "What will Billy say when we tell him all about it?" sent a chill to his heart.

So there was another man. What a fool he had been to anticipate otherwise. No girl like that could live in a college town without being spoken for. No ring? Well, nobody was going to carry diamonds into the woods for the view of Indians and half-breeds. Her actions? They were easily accounted for by the circumstances. Any woman who had been under similar nerve strain would have done the same. Anyway, he had no right to speak further now.

He tried, though, wanting his evidence at first hand, to get a moment alone with her at the post that evening but she seemed to avoid him.

"Peggy is tired out," said little Jim's mother, when he went around to inquire after tea, "and has gone to bed."

So this was to be the end of it. Very well. If that's all she cared he supposed he could stand it. Surely three days alone with a girl in the woods wouldn't unsettle him for life.

The brother-in-law, Fred, after being properly thankful, was too busy with his birds and worms to furnish any information and, decidedly piqued,

HE LOVES HIS BATH

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Because it is so soothing and refreshing when the skin is hot, irritated and rashy, especially when assisted by light touches of Cuticura Ointment.

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Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. book. Address "Cuticura," Dept. 13S, Boston.

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Mothers should give only the well-known

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See the Trade Mark, a Gum Lancet, on every packet and powder. Refuse all not so distinguished.

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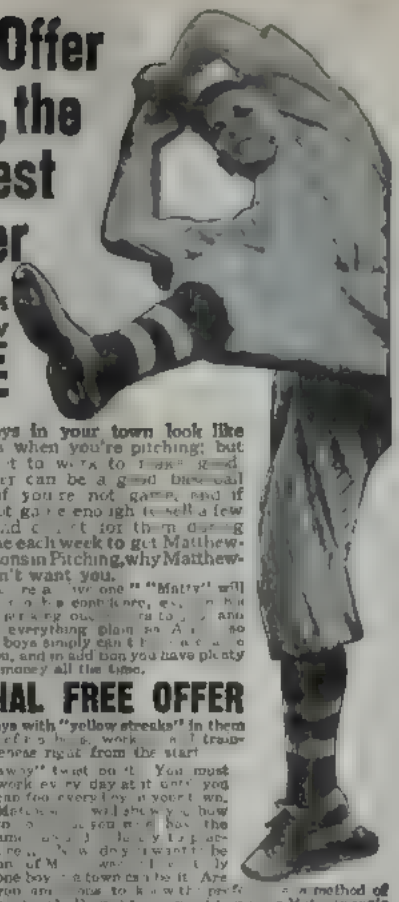
MANUFACTORY 22 NEW NORTH ROAD LONDON ENGLAND

Boys---Here's an Offer from Matthewson, the World's Greatest Baseball Pitcher



You do a little spare time work for Matthewson, and he will show you in return how to pitch his Fade-Away curve FREE

Now, boys, is the chance to show what you're made of. Here's Matthewson, the great Christy Matthewson, who is the idol and the hero of baseball fans, who has won five championships for the New York Giants by his superb pitching, willing to show you all the inside secrets of his famous "fade-away" curve and coach you into becoming the boy-wonder pitcher of your town, if you have the grit and gameness to work a little during your spare time.

But you've got to show Matthewson that your blood is red. "Matty" is one of the finest fellows alive and he'll show you how to just make all the other boys in your town look like monkey's when you're pitching; but you've got to work to learn it. You never can be a good baseball pitcher if you're not game, and if you're not game enough to sell a few papers and collect for them during spare time each week to get Matthewson's lessons in Pitching, why Matthewson doesn't want you.

But if you're a live one "Matty" will take you on his confidence, explain his secrets of getting out batters to you and show you everything plain so A to Z so the other boys simply can't have a show against you, and in addition you have plenty of pocket money all the time.

Here Is Matthewson's SPECIAL FREE OFFER

To learn to be a real pitcher takes nerve and work. Boys with "yellow streaks" in them aren't worth Matthewson's time. If you want to be one of his boys, work and train along under him, you have got to show him your gameness right from the start.

When you sign and mail the coupon, you will receive Matthewson's first lesson—FREE. You will also be sent a package of Saturday Blades and Chicago Ledgers. You are to deliver the Blades and Ledgers to the regular customers and collect the money for them. If for any way you must spend it into your pocket, so that depends your future with the boss. Make good, and you'll never regret it. Show Matthewson that you're a true blue boy who is worth while teaching. You can be Champion boy pitcher of your town. Just practice what Matthewson tells you.

Learn how to grip the ball, how to place your feet, how to swing your arm, how to put the "fade-away" twist on it. You must work every day at it until you can fool every boy in your town. Matthewson will show you how to do it, but you've got to be on the square. Many boys want to be the only one in a town can do it. Are you game enough to learn Matthewson's wonderful fade-away curve? Then make up your mind to get rid of every bit of yellow streak you have and work for the great Matthewson, and start from him.

FREE This Personal Instruction from Matty is an Honor for Any Boy

It's an honor few boys can attain—to get personal instruction from a pitcher like Matthewson—the greatest pitcher the world has ever seen. Only one boy in a town may have it—who today. Send on the coupon simply sign and mail the coupon. The first mail from Matthewson on how to throw the fade-away curve will come by return mail. Go right to it—make good. Don't be an idler. Come along, boy, and get in with Matthewson. SEND THE COUPON.

SEND ME MATTHEWSON'S LESSON FREE.

County ... Matthewson's boys who are willing to work with me to learn the fade-away curve. Also send me your Chicago Ledgers and I will sell them and collect the money.

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the surveyor got an outfit of supplies and started off for the nearest railway station the next morning before the post was awake, leaving only a note in lieu of good-bye.

He tried to put the girl out of his mind by looking forward to the joys of getting home but that he succeeded rather poorly was evidenced next afternoon when he startled two or three other occupants of the smoker of the chair car by jumping up suddenly out of a brown study and ejaculating vigorously: "What a darn fool I am. I don't even know her name."

. . . . . .

"What's the matter with you, old man? Been working too hard? Seem to have lost all your kick. I don't believe you've danced with more than one girl to-night. Mighty different from your old days. I remember how you used to . . . ."

Van Ostrand was sitting in an alcove, mentally kicking himself for having been persuaded to delay his departure for the north to attend his class reunion and half listening to Wells, a former classmate, who wandered aimlessly from topic to topic. He watched the dancers with perfunctory interest, occasionally grunting out a half-intelligible comment.

Suddenly he sat up and laid his hand on Wells' arm. A tall girl in pink with a lithe bearing which struck him as strangely familiar moved across in front of them and stopped at the head of the stairs as if waiting for some one. He couldn't see her face but the turn of the neck, the curve of the shoulders as revealed by the low-cut gown and the golden head were enough for him to identify her unmistakably.

"The girl in pink!" He interrupted Wells rather excitedly. "Who is she? Do you know her?"

"What? Has Peggy got you, too?" Wells threw back, after a glance in the direction indicated by his friend's eyes. "Know her? She's sister to the Hastings I was just telling you about who took the junior chair in physics this fall. Keeps house for him. Half the boys are wild about her, but she stands 'em all off strictly. Looking for bigger game, perhaps. If you're interested, come over and I'll present you."

Van Ostrand was away before the speech was finished.

As before, the girl seemed to feel his presence telepathically, for she turned as he approached, looked at him curiously for a moment and paled just a little as she held out her hand.

"I scarcely knew my good angel in civilized garb," she said, "and as usual you are just in time to get me out of difficulty, if you will. My brother Billy promised to meet me here to take me home, but. . . . . ."

"Brother Billy!" he gasped.

"Yes, Why? Didn't you know?"

"Can you forgive me for being such a fool?" he questioned when, with explanations in the living room of her brother's house a little later, their relations had gone back almost to the point where they had been interrupted five months before.

"Perhaps," she said, "it was justifiable under the circumstances. "Perhaps, too," looking up into his eyes in the roguish way he so well remembered, "perhaps I was a little to blame. Madge told me on the way down in the launch that afternoon that she had heard of you as being the biggest flirt that ever went through your college. I knew you were awfully nice, and—and -helpful, but when I began to wonder how many other girls you'd—"

Her eyes fell with the old habit of leaving her listener to supply difficult passages.

"Then when we came here and I found she'd mixed you up with a Van Ostrand in another year I felt rather guilty and wondered whether I should ever see you again."

Van Ostrand smothered an honest impulse to find out where he had a good enough friend to be so effectively for him, and turned with perceptible twinges of conscience to the matter in hand.

"Ever since we were interrupted up there," he began, when the golden head lay again on his shoulder, "I've had an irrepressible longing to have those arms around my neck. If you have any of the milk of human kindness in your heart Peggy, put them there."

A masculine step sounded on the verandah and a latch key clinked its way into the lock.

She looked up at him, a little more rosy than usual, with another of the roguish glances and quickly giving the desired arms whispered. Will the condensed brand do? There's Billy, and I'm afraid we'll be interrupted again.

Delivery of Dobbett

(Continued from page 214)

put his business on a strictly cash basis and immediately doubled it.

In the same period Mrs. Dobbett's manner slowly—almost imperceptibly—changed. John Henry was first aware of it when one morning she slipped out of bed and let the gas. She did it without a word. Why she could not have explained to herself. It was involuntary—almost devotional. Her blanketed husband watched her with amazement. He waited for her to mention it. She never did. And from that time on it was the cylindrical form of Mama Dobbett that first braved the untempered morn.

But there was another vast difference. Dobbett could not dream. Night after night he lay awake, hunting desperately for the garden gate. He could never find it. He had concealed the loker successfully. It was bringing him things that the Dobbett of a year ago never grasped at. He had remodelled his home. He had licked, yes, actually licked some of the smug pertness out of his children, while their mother stood by worshipless. He had made friends in the ward. It was even whispered that he could have the nomination for alderman. But, somewhere in the back of his head, was something that had never surrendered to prunes and kippered herring. Dobbett was a dreamer, he knew that—now that he could not dream. Morning after morning found him refreshed. And all through the day, while everything went with marvellous smoothness and success, he was haunted by the thought that he had lost the garden of delight.

A Sudden Rain

A deluge of water that could do a lot of damage to some varnished floors and window casings, but when they are finished with a tough waterproof varnish like Liquid Granite no damage whatever is done.

LIQUID GRANITE

is a varnish that makes floors easy to keep clean—scrubbing with soap and water only adds to their brightness and lustre.

Liquid Granite gives interior woodwork a tough elastic surface that resists the wear and tear of constant use in home or office.

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If it's a new home or retouching up the old—be sure and tell your decorator to use Berry Brothers' finishes.

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World's Largest Varnish Makers
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Are you fighting your cost sheet? If so, look at the pencil item. If you are buying wooden pencils, that item is certainly too big.

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Subtract a third to a quarter from the item and write "Blaisdell Paper Pencils" in place of those specified. This is a tangible, practical economy we are prepared to demonstrate *before* you buy (if you will write and ask us)

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For the Bath and Toilet

always use the genuine

MURRAY & LANMAN'S

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Imitations of this delicious perfume are numberless, but it has never been equalled.

IT REFRESHES AND DELIGHTS as does no other.

Always look for the Trade Mark.

PREPARED ONLY BY

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REFUSE SUBSTITUTES!

Always be sure to look for our Trade Mark on the neck of the bottle.

CHALLENGE COLLARS

Acknowledged to be the finest creation of Waterproof Collars ever made. Ask to see and buy no other. All stores or direct for 25c.

THE ARLINGTON CO. of Canada, Ltd.

99 FRASER AVENUE TORONTO

All "ARLINGTON COLLARS" are good, but our CHALLENGE BRAND is the best

Sometimes, behind his desk, after making quite sure that everything was safe he would take out the token and gaze at it. He began to think that he would like to send it back

One day Rafferty came in and held a gigantic hand across the counter Dobbett surveyed it with interest and winced as his own fingers were engulfed.

"I'm riprisintin' the electors av th' Young Progressive Parrty," said Rafferty, genially, "an' the byes instthructed me to offer yez th' nomination f'r th' ilivinth warrd. It'll be the divil's own fight" he added cheerfully, "but the byes has decided that you're th' only man in the warrd whose ricord'll sthand invistigatin'. Are yez wid us?"

Dobbett blinked at him It had come at last. He turned and saw his wife at the back door of the shop. Her eyes were sparkling, her bosom heaving. He felt a sudden surge of ambition.

"You do me a great honor," he said, with a pinkness in his cheeks, "but I don't know that I have any decided platform in this election."

Rafferty grinned. "Rest aisy wid yure platform The byes will fix that all right. 'Tis yure ricord we're afther. There's lashin's and lavin's of platforms down at headquarters."

Dobbett hesitated—then glanced at his wife. He could afford to be generous. He had a vision of the years through which she toiled beside him, and besides he had not got up first now for what seemed a long time.

"Well," he said, his fingers closing again over the token in his pocket, "I'll join you."

In a few days the streets of the eleventh ward were placarded for Dobbett. His soul quivered at the sight of his name in letters a foot long—his virtues heralded in a large redness. "Dobbett—the friend of the people." His wife regarded him with a mixture of awe and pride,—swinging his heels on the counter, discussing the tax rate. Then, one evening at headquarters, when Dobbett communed with the great ones of the ward, they took him into their confidence absolutely.

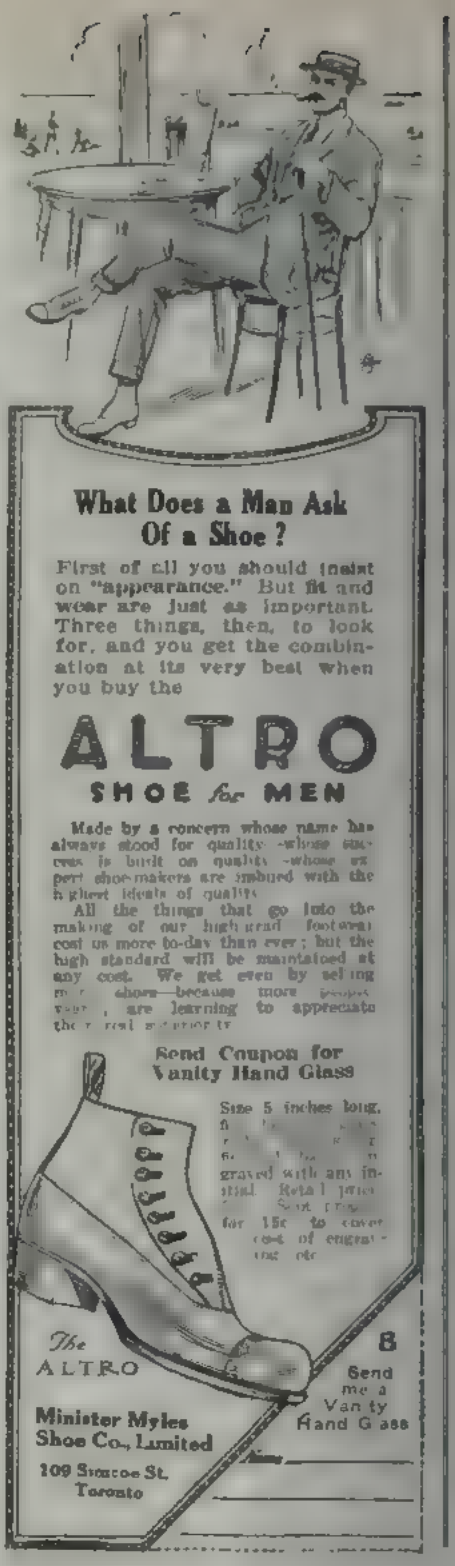
The Young Progressives were out for a park—such a park as would make the other wards tired. Its location was chosen. It would occupy the whole block in which was Dobbett's grocery.

"But, gentlemen," he expostulated, "what am I going to do?"

"Ye'll sell out, like Murphy and Blake and Henessy there," said Rafferty. "Man alive, don't yez think we're goin' to take care av our own candidate?"

"But I don't want to sell." Dobbett was conscious that his business was increasing rapidly.

"Phwat is your business worth?"



What Does a Man Ask Of a Shoe?

First of all you should insist on "appearance." But fit and wear are just as important. Three things, then, to look for, and you get the combination at its very best when you buy the

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SHOE for MEN

Made by a concern whose name has always stood for quality—whose success is built on quality—whose expert shoe-makers are imbued with the highest ideals of quality

All the things that go into the making of our high-grade footwear cost us more to-day than ever; but the high standard will be maintained at any cost. We get even by selling more shoes—because more people are learning to appreciate the real satisfaction

Send Coupon for Vanity Hand Glass

Size 5 inches long, [illegible] graved with any initial. Retail price [illegible] for 15c to cover cost of engraving etc

The ALTRO

B

Send me a Vanity Hand Glass

Minister Myles Shoe Co., Limited

109 Simcoe St. Toronto

came in Rafferty. He was smiling.

"It will be worth three thousand a year at the end of the year." Dobbett spoke with a thrill of pride.

"Three thousand! Well now, think of that! On a foive per cint basis—'twould make sixty thousand dollars. Wud that satisfy yez?"

The little grocer suddenly flushed. "It isn't worth it," he said sharply.

"Phwat's ailin' yez? Who sez it is? All I'm asking is will yez take sixty thousand dollars?"

"Where is it coming from?"

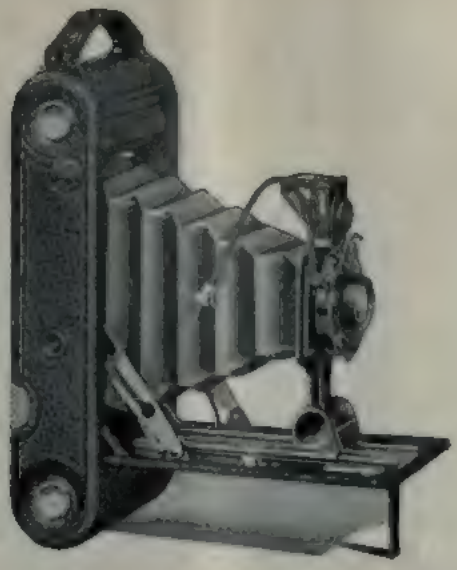
Rafferty lay back and laughed. "From under th' Progressive platform. Man, it's the chance of a lifetime."

The more Dobbett thought of it the less he liked it. They had kept this up their political sleeve till he was committed to his friends and the public. The little grocer had his own ideas of theft—but to break away now would ruin him. He played for time.

"Let me think it over," he pleaded, and walked home in a maze.

In the sitting room above the shop he tried to work it out. He had a curious sensation that this was the culmination of something, and his decision was enormously important. Sixty thousand dollars was a lot of money. He felt the ability to double it shortly. After that nothing was impossible. Then he thought of Maria and the children. A great change had come over them both of late. Maria was better tempered. She did not scold, and that was a relief. But for all that he always felt tired. One thing had led to another, till he began to be frightened at his own imagination. He was much better off, but was he any happier? One part of him seemed dead—the part that had lived such a wonderful existence every night—and he doubted whether there was in the every day world anything that quite made up for that loss. He tried also to determine what else there was beside money in this new life that the former one had lacked. For one thing he knew much less of himself. His days seemed to be more the reflection of other people's. As to the children, Maria had now decided that they would never work. There had been no question about it before. He took out the token and stared at it long and earnestly. It seemed alive with soft green flame, and almost blazed in his palm. What would Rafferty say if—The thought of Rafferty brought back the question he must answer to-morrow. Must he pocket his principles and sixty thousand dollars? The weight of it followed him to bed, where he lay listening to Maria's audible slumbers.

Presently he smelt the odor of flowers and a long garden path opened ahead. He walked happily along, feeling that it was good to be here. There were indistinct memories of former visits and a more distinct impression that he had just arrived from a much less attractive place. It all heightened his enjoyment. Then coming toward him he observed a beautiful woman with sea green eyes. There was something familiar about her. She stood in front of him and smiled and held out her hand. Automatically he dropped the token into it. It was quite natural and the only thing to do.



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KODAK JR.

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Choice of meniscus achromatic or Rapid Rectilinear lens; has new Kodak Ball Bearing shutter with cable release, for time and bulb exposures, and speeds of 1/25, 1/50 and 1/100 of a second; improved back for quick reloading; automatic focusing lock; collapsible reversible finder and two tripod sockets. Uses Kodak Film cartridges of six and twelve exposures, loading and unloading in daylight.

Price, with meniscus achromatic lens,	$ 9.00
Ditto, with Rapid Rectilinear lens,	11.00

Free catalogue at your dealers, or by mail.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited, TORONTO

The beautiful vision smiled again, then vanished. He stared about. There was no one but himself on the garden walk.

Dobbett sat down to think it all over. In one way he seemed to have had that token for a long time. In another he seemed only to have looked at it. He lay back in the grass and wrinkled his brows.

Presently he felt vaguely uncomfortable and opened his eyes. He was in bed. The morning light was stealing in. He could just see the budding leaves outside. The gas bracket was distinctly visible. A sharp elbow projected into his side. "John Henry! Aren't you ever going to get up?"

The little grocer blinked rapidly. How did those leaves get there? To-day he had to see Rafferty and give his decision. The election was next month. But that was the first of January. He felt giddy and slipped his hand under the pillow for the token. It had disappeared.

He slid out of bed and stood for an instant, speechless. He gazed at the

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rounded hummock that marked his prostrate spouse—then at the leaves that swept the window panes. Slowly his face broadened into a smile. He seemed about to burst into chaotic laughter, then glanced at the bed and checked himself. The hummock heaved up vertically.

"John Henry, if you think I'm going to light that gas you're mistaken."

Dobbett reached for a match, a drab little man in a drab little night-shirt.

"No, my dear. I'll light it." Then he chuckled under his breath. "Just to think of your doing it."

Fortunes Overnight

Continued from page 241.

at once formed and placed stock on the market, but when it was learned that the strike was apparently a pocket and that no "gusher" has been tapped, agitation subsided and finally again became normal.

Meanwhile, all winter, the Discovery Well sank quietly deeper and deeper. The rate was about twenty or twenty-five feet a day with frequent stoppages to bail out the mud and oil. On Thursday, the fourteenth of May, when at a depth of 2,718 feet, the bore penetrated a small gusher which threw oil some sixty or seventy feet into the air and deluged everybody and everything within striking distance. White oil testing 65% Baume very much the same character as that found in October rapidly filled the well until there was measured 2,000 feet in the ten inch bore with a heavy escape of gas estimated at two million feet every twenty-four hours. During that and the following day the well gushed several times. Every available receptacle was filled to overflowing and still the oil rose in the well, and as it was unnecessary and impossible to bore further under existing conditions, the well was capped. Such a pressure is continuing from the escaping gas however, that it is found necessary to relieve it by opening the pipes whenever the pressure reaches 400 pounds, and as this is frequent, a man is stationed there day and night for this purpose. It is impossible correctly to estimate the daily production but it is stated by those in authority that it will not be less than two hundred pounds per day. The present output has been bought up by a local firm at the price of nineteen cents per gallon at the well's mouth.

Calgary went quietly to bed on the evening of the day before, apathetically and with business dull; she awoke in the morning with a start to hear the newsies screaming the "strike," and business booming. Then she promptly went crazy. Oil! Oil! Oil! Nobody thought or talked of anything but oil unless it were oil leases. All other business was absolutely at a standstill. The City Hall was abandoned; public buildings emptied; shops deserted. Cooks left the kitchens; maids the tables; clerks their offices. All flocked to the streets and hotel lobbies. Promoters quick to take advantage of their opportunity promptly opened offices and did a roaring business selling stocks. Stocks at five, ten, fifteen, twenty, fifty cents and a dollar went like hot cakes with the

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public a seething, clamoring, hungry mob, calling "more and more" and struggling to "get in" in time. The issue of certificates was an impossibility; they were neither ready nor was there time to fill them out; all the public asked was to have their money accepted and be given some kind of a receipt, and the promoters were graciously willing to meet them more than half way. There are but few occasions in life when the public deliberately and insistently clamors to be relieved of its hard earned gold, but this was one such occasion. Every real estate office in town became an oil agency, and every agency an oil exchange or brokerage. Curbstoners did a flourishing business until put out of commission by over-night made municipal laws, when they simply moved to hotel lobbies. Depositors rushed the banks at opening, drawing out savings which were promptly re-deposited in bulk by the oil manipulators at closing hour. Thousands of dollars changed hands and then changed hands again. Soon the news spread abroad and incoming trains were crowded to capacity. Money flowed in from Vancouver, Winnipeg, Toronto and Montreal, and telegrams and cables kept a big staff of operators working day and night. 16,000 telegrams was the record at the local office in two days' time.

All hotels were filled; all automobiles busy. Before the "strike" some 700 motors were registered on the city books; a few days after it, the registration jumped to 1,600 with a strong demand for more cars which dealers were unable to supply. Holes in the wall rented for unheard of rents, and bootblack parlors and shop fronts in desirable locations were in strong demand. Restaurants did the business of a metropolis while printers worked twenty-four hours a day to produce the desirable certificate. Sign painters saw riches knocking at their doors and newspapers refused advertising for lack of space, then increased the size of their publications to take in all advertisers.

Between eighty and ninety companies have been formed with a total capitalization of one hundred million. Some fifteen of these have drilling outfits at work in an area extending 100 miles north and south of Calgary, one of them already down 2,500 feet, four of them over 1,000 feet and the balance at varying depths. In the vicinity of Olds, forty miles north of the city, the Monarch Company, approximates 800 feet, while at Okotoks, twenty miles south, "Discovery" rests on its laurels, with Black Diamond, United Oils, Western Pacific and others feverishly digging.

This work of exploration when taken into consideration with the first discovery of oil and reports from experienced engineers like Cunningham Craig, B. W. Dunn and others, give justification to the expectation that commercial oil fields will be developed to add to the already great coal and natural gas resources found throughout the Province of Alberta.

The new Canadian Pacific railway Hotel Palliser, which was nearing completion, opened its doors to over a hundred waiting patrons who rushed in and registered eagerly. Business was stimulated; enterprise encouraged. What the outcome will be time only can tell, but the natural optimism of the Westerner is ever to the fore, and Calgarians are confident that the precious fluid will be discovered in its crude state. Certain it is that the city of Calgary and the Province of Alberta has benefitted up to the present, through increased population and the influx of money.

Mineral and oil rights (oil comes under mineral) are the property of the

Oily skin and shiny nose

How to correct them

That bugbear of so many women—an oily skin and shiny nose—has various contributory causes.

Whatever the cause in your case, proper external treatment will relieve your skin of this embarrassing condition.

Begin this treatment tonight

With warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

This treatment will make your skin fresher and clearer the first time you use it. Make it a nightly habit and before long you will see a decided improvement—a promise of that lovelier complexion which the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake. Tear off the illustration of the cake shown below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's today and try this treatment.

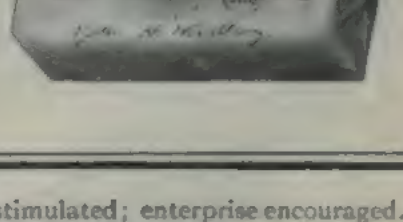
Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast, including Newfoundland.

Write today to the Canadian Woodbury Factory for samples

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder.

Address **The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd.,** *Dept.* **111-S** *Perth, Ontario.*



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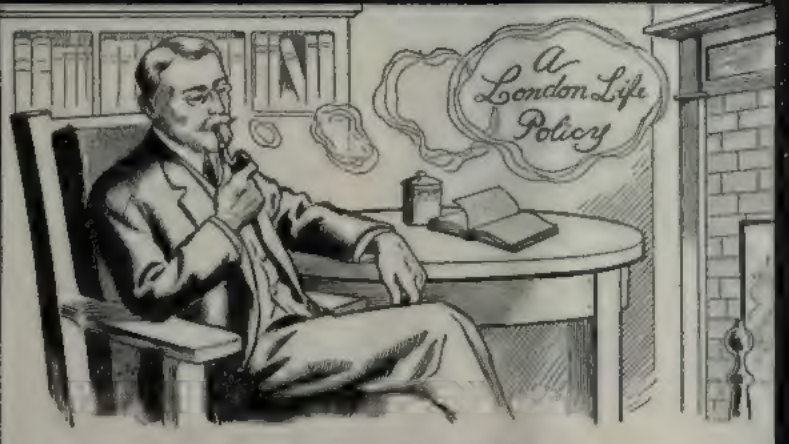
No ash shovelling necessary. See the McClary dealer or write for booklet. 33



A Father's Soliloquy--
No. 4.

My Best Investment

"Life has been a pretty strenuous game all through for me. Winning one day—losing the next, but on the whole, bettering my position all the time.

Some of my ventures were positively silly, but I didn't know that at the time they were made. Others were wiser moves than I knew, and the wisest of all were my investments in London Life Policies.

Those which have matured have surprised me greatly: The profits amount to considerably more than the Company promised. How easy it would be to write business for The London Life—if the public only knew!"

The London Life Insurance Company is one of the financial world's stablest and most dependable concerns. Its methods are amazingly effective as well as economical. A London Life Policy, judged purely and simply as an investment, is just as "Good as Gold."

Write for particulars! This places you under no obligation.

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crown except in the case of the Canadian Pacific Railway (the largest individual land owners in the west) and the Hudson's Bay Company. If you purchase land, city or farm, from the government, Canadian Pacific Railway, or Hudson Bay Company, you secure surface rights only, the crown reserving for separate sale the mineral rights. Any adult can acquire a mineral right on any piece of land if it is not already sold, by applying for it to the local land office and paying a filing fee of five dollars and a rental of twenty-five cents an acre for the first year and fifty cents the second and ensuing ones. When, however, such permanent work as drilling etc., is being prosecuted on the land, the government encourages exploitation by remitting the rental.

Each applicant is entitled to file on four sections of government land and one section of school land.

When a homesteader complies with the regulations he obtains a patent to his land, which as above explained, covers surface rights only, and any one can secure the mineral rights on his homestead (provided it is not already filed on) by paying the proclaimed fee. The holder of that mineral right however, cannot go on to that land and execute his right until he has entered into an agreement with the owner of the surface rights, on whose land he would otherwise be trespassing, and many disputes have occurred and are occurring in this connection. It is certainly not agreeable to the homesteader or farmer to find a big, unsightly derrick erected in the middle of his vegetable garden or farm yard over-night, nor is it just or right that it should be. In cases where the owner of the surface rights and the holder of mineral rights cannot agree, the courts are at hand to setttle disputes.

Crude petroleum produced in Canada during the past year, according to the Department of Mines (Division of Mineral Resources and Statistics) amounted to 228,080 barrels or 7,982,798 gallons confined to old established Ontario fields with a few barrels from the New Brunswick wells.

The British Columbia division of the Canadian Pacific Railway use oil in their locomotives and Pacific Coast steamers, while the extensive use of automobiles all over Canada and traction engines in the west, cause an increasing demand. During the past year, the total importations of oil amounted to 222,779,293 gallons valued at $13,230,429. Many pounds of other petroleum products, candles and wax, were also imported; in fact, in 1913 there was an increased importation of all classes of oil with exception of gasoline.